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Machinery, Magic, and Art, by T. K. Whipple, on page 958

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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A Homily for Hot Weather

NOW that the globe has been circumnavigated in less than nine days instead of in the more than a thousand that his like—yet unlike—feat took Magellan, and now that the markets of the world have registered a reaction to the pronouncements of President Hoover in less time than it took to bring the good news from Ghent to Aix, the moment should be ripe for that florescence of spiritual effort which in the past has followed upon any sudden widening of the horizons of mankind. Discovery has always acted as an alembic to civilization whether it has come in the form of the explorations of a Drake, a Frobisher, and a Raleigh and flowered in the achievements of an Elizabethan England, or in the shape of a resurgence of ancient learning and culminated in the splendors of a Renaissance. The release it has given to men's imaginations has ever and again added a fillip to their powers and ushered in eras of magnificent accomplishment. Surely our age ought to dare to hope that it stands on the brink of such a period.

For are we not, too, discoverers? Discoverers not of hitherto undreamt of worlds, not of humanism, nor humanitarianism, nor of the rights of man the individual but of the mass reactions and mass manners and mass necessities of nations? The newspaper, the radio, the cable, the motion picture have suddenly revealed peoples to one another not as they loom in the perspective of history with afterthought and circumstance modifying the passions and intensities of the moment but at the instant of molten emotion when action is still fluid to direction. Could the opening up of a new world have been more dramatic than the raising of the curtain on the old by President Hoover's announcement the other day? Such a bird's eye view of nations reacting to a suggestion of profoundest concern to them all has never been vouchsafed to the world before as telegraph and journal made possible then. At the flash of the cable, every man became a Balboa gazing from the peak of his breakfast table over seas of sentiment and opinion.

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It has been the familiar plaint of our day that the obvious and the stereotyped—*was uns alle bändigt—das Gemeinde*—increasingly close us in. They do, of course, in many of the aspects of our life, but the very instrumentalites that make for a standardized civilization have on the other hand also opened enormous new vistas to society. In the complex of nations which is the world of the present, it might almost be said that the proper study of mankind has become mass men. And men in the mass, observed in action and reaction, are as powerful a stimulant to imagination as dark continents yielding their mysteries to the explorer's advance. Granted that it is our political, rather than our poetic, imaginations that respond to the knowledge of nations. Is not that, perhaps, so much the betteer for the world?

We are moved to these somewhat grandiloquent reflections by the finding* of the joint Committee of the American Association for Adult Education and the American Library Association that in all groups of society examined by it the two subjects about which people want to read are "personal hygiene" and "international attitudes and problems." Interest in mass men, their evidence shows, exists. What could not be wrought with it for the cause of peace and international well-being if it but enlisted talent in its train? What we desperately need today is the writer, the artist, the lecturer who can see internationalism as exciting, epic, and dramatic, who believes that the new instrumentalities for interknowledge among nations could be used to the end of justifying the ways of men to men, and who will distil into art and literature something of the aspirations, the hopes, and the tragedies that are holding nations in their grasp. If we could but have nations portrayed in their collective possession of those qualities that move men so profoundly when depicted in the individual—if the pathos and fervor of national life could take on the poignance of personal experience—then perhaps we should at last be on the road to peace.

WHAT PEOPLE WANT TO READ ABOUT. By DOUGLAS WAPLES and RALPH W. TYLER. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1931. $3.50.

Blue Cuirassier

ROBERT PENN WARREN

JAY, flagrant and military,
Outrageous sergeant in the summer's rout,
Blatant and blue—plunge down the wind and harry
The golden tumble to its last redoubt,
Whip in the traitor leaves that scurry
From those green citadels you kept together,
And call, jay, in the blue weather.

Bright friend of boys and of the truant sun,
It is not long until your call's echo
Stops some old fellow trudging the first snow,
As once the boy, who with his dog and gun
Followed the rabbit's track long ago,
Stopped, hearing that brilliant call, and then
Caught wings that flashed into the red-haw thicket.
Blue cuirassier and summer's lost vidette,
Bright friend of boys, troubler of old men.

This Week

"The Rise of U. S. Grant."
Reviewed by A. HOWARD MENEFLY.

"Puritan's Progress."
Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS.

"Beyond Physics."
Reviewed by F. S. C. NORTHROP.

"Modern Architecture."
Reviewed by TALBOT FAULKNER HAMLIN.

"The Contemporary and His Soul."
Reviewed by HARRY T. COSTELLO.

"Dawes to Locarno."
Reviewed by JONATHAN F. SCOTT.

Pegasus Perplexing: A Charade Contest.

"Son of Woman."
Reviewed by HENRY TRACY.

"The Eighteen-Eighties."
Reviewed by MORRIS U. SCHAPPES.

Next Week, or Later

Years of the Modern.
By H. M. TOMLINSON.

Saint Beuve and Biography

By GAMALIEL BRADFORD

IN spite of the enthusiastic assertions of some of its practitioners, perhaps modern biography is not so different from ancient biography, after all. The subject of all biography must always be the same, the passions and struggles and achievements of human life, and biographers from the Bible and Plutarch down to the present day, have simply used such genius as they had to bring out the causes and the deeper working and the significance of those struggles and achievements. Yet there is a difference in the modern attitude, which is notable and important because of its bearing on the larger movement of life and thought in general. The older biography was usually commemorative, or laudatory, or exemplary, it was directed not so much at close and careful study of the subject as at the effect that might be produced upon readers. The new biography aims simply at one thing, the intimate study of the human heart, as it is, without any desire to transform or transfigure, without any effort to improve the world in or by the process. As the supreme master and practitioner of this new biography puts it, "Let us first of all be human, and let us rightly understand the worth of human nature."

It is hardly necessary to point out the dangers of any specious attempt rightly to understand the worth of human nature. Human nature, at its best, has its undeniable, incalculable weaknesses, and there is an almost irresistible temptation for the analyst to exaggerate those weaknesses and make capital out of them. Nothing is easier than to depreciate the great, and there will always be clever writers who will hunt out gossip and scandal for the sake of getting notoriety and profit from a mere temporary sensation. But these perils do not in the least affect the serious aim of the thoughtful biographer who gives his life to probing more and more deeply into the fundamental reality of human nature, not for scandal, not for notoriety, but with the sole object of extending a little further the substantial domain of truth.

* * *

Various suggestions have been made and arguments brought forward as to the source, the originator of this modern biographical movement. Some have given the credit of it to one biographer and some to another. In reality the credit cannot be said to belong to any individual. It is merely another manifestation of the *Zeitgeist*, the general intellectual and spiritual movement which was so characteristic of the developing nineteenth century, and which may be best summed up in the term, the scientific spirit. The passion for pure truth, regardless of all practical ends, regardless of where the truth might lead, took possession of mankind more than it had ever done before, and changed the world. The manifestation of this spirit in biography was merely one phase. The same tendency showed itself in history, in economic and sociological studies, in speculative philosophy. It even appeared in the arts, with which biography should perhaps more properly be classed. Painting and sculpture, poetry and fiction, all were affected by the same scientific impulse. Pure beauty became of secondary importance, or, as some would put it, truth, reality, even in the height of ugliness, had a compelling charm which no imaginary beauty could surpass or equal.

Though this general intellectual movement cannot, in biography at any rate, be centered in any one individual, it seems to me that the immense indirect

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influence of a single writer, Sainte-Beuve, has been altogether too much overlooked. No doubt Sainte-Beuve himself had his roots in certain French writers who preceded him, like Fontenelle and La Harpe, and curiously enough an effort has been made to fix the initiation of modern biography upon these French critics of the eighteenth century. But Sainte-Beuve's achievement and importance infinitely transcend those of any who preceded him. He is by far the richest and most varied exponent of the practice, if not of the principles of modern biography, and his influence, his method, and his spirit thoroughly permeate the work not only of his French followers, Scherer, Brunetière, Gaston Boissier, but even, more perhaps than they themselves realize, the admirable accomplishment of such later masters as Mr. Strachey, Herr Ludwig, and M. Maurois.

It will immediately be asked why, if Sainte-Beuve was such a force in biography, we do not oftener hear of him. Partly because he occupied himself in the main with French subjects, often such as are hardly at all known to the English or American reader, but still more because he is not generally classed as a biographer at all, because he rarely thought or spoke of himself in that way. He professed to be a literary critic, and this view was fostered by the fact that his work was mainly done in newspapers and was almost always immediately in the shape of discussion of some book that had recently appeared. But Sainte-Beuve's conception of criticism was far beyond that of ordinary newspaper reviewing. In his judgment, criticism was simply the study of human life through books, "to go straight at the author under the mask of the book." Indeed, merely as a literary critic, Sainte- Beuve is not of such outstanding importance, and in this point of view alone he hardly merits his great reputation. It is in his profound, far-reaching knowledge and analysis of the human heart, that is precisely in the essentials of biography, that he is almost unequalled, and as he said of Grimm and his critical writing, one feels in him "a spirit superior to his immediate object, one who never separates literature from the observation of the world and of human

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his confusion between criticism and biography is more misleading because Sainte-Beuve himself, in all the vast extent of his work, rarely attempts any elaborate discussion of his aims and purposes. There are of course many casual remarks on what he is doing, but these are widely scattered and sometimes even apparently contradictory. And when he does on exceptional occasions enter upon theoretical analysis, as in the article on Chateaubriand ("Nouveaux Lundis," vol. III), the analysis is apt to be obscure, incomplete, and unilluminating.

The interesting point is that this very lack of abstract discussion is intimately connected with the most notable element of Sainte-Beuve's greatness. Biography is too often employed merely as an excuse and a vehicle for such discussion. Biographers are fatally apt to use their subjects to advance some cause, to substantiate some claim, to illustrate some pet theory of religion or morals. The result of this attitude is inevitably a tendency to distort or color or omit facts that do not support the theory and to over-emphasize facts that may be used for an argumentative purpose. From this tendency Sainte-Beuve is more free than any other biographer or historian who ever lived. It is not so much a theory or absence of theory. It is simply a passionate interest in the individual human being as such and a desire to see him and set him forth exactly as he was, without the slightest regard to the theories or the prejudices of any one. This inexhaustible curiosity about the individual human soul is the key to all Sainte-Beuve's work and surely there can be no more valuable clue to the understanding of modern biography. As Sainte-Beuve himself expresses it: "I believe that the moral study of character is still in the state in which botany was before Jussieu. Some day there will come a great observer and natural classifier of souls: until that day arrives, our business, a much more humble one, is to prepare the material for him and to describe individuals, placing them in their proper framework: that is what I am more and more endeavoring to do."

The significance of this endeavor appears not only in the fact of dealing with individuals, but still more in the vast extent of Sainte-Beuve's work, which surely has never been equaled or even approached by any other biographer and probably never will be: The ordinary biographer, even in the course of a long career, may perhaps depict a dozen or a score of different lives, at the most several sco uld be the limit. The forty volumes of Sainte-Beuve's portraits, independent of the vast gallery of "Port-Royal," contain probably seven or eight hundred studies of souls of every conceivable variety. There are good, bad, and indifferent, highly colored and colorless, there are men and women, there are saints, philosophers, statesmen, soldiers, scholars, poets, artists, and rogues innumerable. And what is notable in all of them is the infinite, the almost incredible, breadth of understanding. The man enters into the profoundest recesses of saintly mysticism, on the basis of his own far-reaching remark, "one must be sufficiently sceptical even at times to appear to be a Christian," and again he turns to the intimate comprehension of the motives which lead men and women to the disregard not only of saintliness but even of elementary morals, and finds such motives deeply and curiously hidden in his own heart. With all the different types, with all the endless variety of human adventures and human pursuits and human aspirations, the one thing to do is to understand, to penetrate beneath the superficial variety of experiences and achievements and grasp with sure, delicate finger the common human heart, which beats in all men and women alike. "To understand a picture and to portray the kind of talent that has conceived and executed it, it is not necessary to be a painter; to understand the idea and the execution of a military movement, it is not necessary to be a general: one remains a critic (biographer) through it all; the essential thing is to be a biographer with the widest outlook all about one that one can possibly achieve."

In other words, Sainte-Beuve was penetrated thoroughly, profoundly, substantially, by the scientific spirit, the simple desire to get at the truth of things, without the slightest consideration of its ultimate secondary bearing on anybody's theories or even on the practical conduct of life. This adoration for pure truth, and for the process of discovering it, peers out in little touches through page after page of the numerous volumes. With what ecstacy does he note the sudden splendor of revelation: "the surface of life all at once is torn apart, and one reads bare soul." How the intense, unceasing ardor of research appears in comments like the following: "When I have once treated a subject, it becomes my property, and I am almost forced for the future, whether I will or not, to note and gather together everything that concerns it. It is a disquiet, an obsession, like a tic, from which I cannot escape." And the enthusiasm, the unwearied persistence of the scientist, induce him to label his pursuit as scientific in aim at any rate, even if it cannot always be so in method: "There remains to me but one pleasure: I analyze, I herborize, I am a naturalist of souls."

When you take the extent and the significance of Sainte-Beuve's achievement and the very different field from that of Darwin in which he worked, it seems to me that the French biographer richly deserves to be ranked with the English naturalist as one of the greatest nineteenth century exponents of the scientific spirit. In both of them there was the same passion for observation in itself. "I think," said Darwin, "that I am superior to the common run of men in noticing things which easily escape attention, and in observing them carefully." In both there was the abstract, pure love of truth, which Darwin expressed so admirably: "For myself I would, however, take higher ground, for I believe there exists, and I feel within me, an instinct for truth, or knowledge, or discovery, of something the same nature as the instinct of virtue, and our having such an instinct is reason enough for scientific researches without any practical results ever ensuing from them."

It is true that Sainte-Beuve differs from Darwin in the avoidance of general principles to which I have adverted above. It was the steady assertion and establishment of a supreme general principle that made Darwin one of the most widely known men in the world, where Sainte-Beuve is known to very few. Yet Darwin, probably with justice, regarded himself as an observer rather than a theorizer. He did not observe to establish theories, at least not until late in life. Rather his theories were the inevitable result of his constant and habitual observation.

A more vital difference between the two men was what I should call, perhaps too sentimentally, Sainte-Beuve's lack of love in his work. At any rate he had not Darwin's unlimited tolerance, his quick and ready acceptance of the point of view of others, even of criticism, his unfailing Christian charity and kindliness. Sainte-Beuve would have objected that for what he was trying to do merely personal emotions were an obstacle and a nuisance and love and hate should not enter in at all: "whatever deserves the name of an enduring judgment is not fixed in the heart, but in the head." Such an impersonality he maintained to an extraordinary degree in dealing with the great figures of the past, but unfortunately, when it came to his contemporaries, hate, or something too much like it, was apt to appear. He himself began by aspiring to be a poet and a novelist, and did not succeed. As a consequence, the success of his friends and fellows in these lines was always a source of bitter irritation to him, and any mention of Chateaubriand, of Balzac, of Hugo, exasperated him to a pitch of ill-nature that would have been impossible in Darwin. This defect shows most clearly in his repeated boast that he had identified himself with all sorts of different groups and then abandoned them because he came to see things differently, a boast which the Goncourts not unjustly translated to mean that he had deserted all his friends in the name of truth only to find at last that truth had deserted him.

The lack of love, of profound imaginative sympathy, as distinguished from intellectual insight, does not prevent Sainte-Beuve from being the master and in some respects the model of modern biographers, but his mastery does, it seems to me, require to be amplified by a further, most important element, which I should like to call humanism, if the word had not been somewhat discredited by recent controversy. I mean, at any rate, the element which consists of the passionate impulse to put oneself in the place of other human beings and to live their lives. That is, it appears to me that the secret of all great biography is the essential unity of human nature, by which in the biography of others we are always looking for the autobiography of ourselves. Under the endless surface diversities, there are always in varying degrees and combinations the same passions and hopes and struggles and despairs that agitate you and me and the man in the street. It is the business of the biographer to trace cunningly these elements of identity in himself, to follow out their development or modification in others, and to portray and illustrate them with every resource of imaginative expression that he can acquire or command.

The Years of Recovery

DAWES TO LOCARNO: 1924-1926. The Diary of an Ambassador, Volume III. By VISCOUNT D'ABERNON. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1931. $5.

Reviewed by JONATHAN F. SCOTT
New York University

IN the first two volumes of his Diary Lord D'Abernon, British Ambassador to Germany from 1920 to 1926, traced the course of post-war diplomacy from the Paris Conference to the end of the year 1923. On January 1, 1924, the date at which the present volume opens, the outlook for Germany was "comfortless and disquieting." The French were still in the Ruhr. Foreign troops occupied a large part of the Rhineland. The national currency had become practically worthless, though the printing-presses continued to grind out money at a feverish rate. No practical solution of the Reparations problem was in sight. Internal plots, assassinations, riots, and *putsches* threatened the very existence of the Republic. Abroad the air was still poisoned by war hatreds and suspicion of Germany.

The change that had taken place by the autumn of 1926 was amazing. The French had left the Ruhr. The evacuation of the Rhineland was under way. The currency had been stabilized. The Dawes Plan, the first sincere effort to bring the Reparations problem into the sphere of reality, had been put into operation and was functioning with comparative smoothness. A commercial treaty had been made between England and Germany, highly advantageous to both. There was little immediate danger to the country from internal unrest. The Pact of Locarno had guaranteed the western frontier of Germany against aggression from either side of the Rhine and a machinery had been set up for the settlement of disputes between Germany and most of her neighbors. To crown all Germany had been admitted to the League of Nations and given a place on its Council.

Just how much Lord D'Abernon had contributed to Germany's remarkable recovery no one can say. Certain it is, however, that the part he played was highly significant. He had a hand in the stabilization of the currency, in the development of the Dawes Plan, and in the admission of Germany into the League of Nations. But perhaps his greatest influence was exerted on the Commercial Treaty with

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England and the negotiations leading to the Pact of Locarno.

The Commercial Treaty accorded England most favored nation treatment. In other words English goods were to be imported into Germany on terms at least as favorable, generally speaking, as the terms accorded any other nation. But the Treaty did much more. It recognized for the first time the principle of reciprocity for free trade; and for this recognition D'Abernon is primarily responsible. It was a common belief in England and elsewhere that England's free trade policy placed her at the mercy of those nations that chose to discriminate against her. D'Abernon, however, held that this policy could be used as a weapon to obtain from other countries a return for the advantages that free trade gave them. "If we had been less austere in avoiding all resort to retaliation or to menace of retaliation," he said, "trade relations between different countries of the world would be far better today than they actually are." The acceptance of the principle of reciprocity by Germany not only strengthened Anglo-German commercial and political relations but made it evident that D'Abernon was justified in believing that in her free trade policy England had an instrument which could be used to further her commerce with other countries and to help break down those economic barriers which today constitute one of the obstacles to world peace and prosperity.

As for the Pact of Locarno it is possible that D'Abernon is more responsible for it than any other one man. Before and after the historic note which the German Government sent out in January, 1925, inaugurating the negotiations that led to Locarno, he and Carl von Schubert, German Secretary of State, developed and nursed the idea of a Security Pact. *"Das Kind"* they called it; and for a long time it seemed as though the child could not live.

> I remember when you first mentioned the subject to me in the last days of December, 1924 (said von Schubert to D'Abernon after the Locarno Conference) you brought a map and explained what you meant by the "iron curtain." The Pact idea is the same idea—that of a barrier between France and Germany preventing either power from making war without becoming definitely the aggressor and so incurring the hostility of the civilized world. When you first mentioned this idea it found little favor anywhere, but the advance achieved since has been astounding.

D'Abernon considers the Pact of Locarno of immense importance. "Of the three major events recorded in this Diary," he says, "—the Dawes settlement in 1924, the Locarno Agreement in 1925, and the entry of Germany into the League of Nations in 1926—the greatest was Locarno." He holds that it diminished the possibility of war by at least seventy per cent.

* * *

Keen in his understanding of human nature, the Ambassador makes illuminating comments on individuals with whom he came in contact. Stresemann he compares with Winston Churchill, though evidently without any intention of belittling the German statesman. On the contrary he holds that Stresemann did more for the cause of peace than any other post-war statesman, even more than Briand, and maintains "that Germany has never had a wiser or more courageous adviser." In Ramsay MacDonald he observes "in discussion, marked subtlety and some slyness; profound knowledge of the arts of debate; an aversion to the obvious, and a rare preoccupation about the secondary effects of any given action—the mind attaching more weight to remote than to immediate consequences." Here and there he comments on Americans. He evidently prefers the jovial Dawes to the solemn Young. With Houghton, whose very considerable abilities are too little appreciated in his own country, he is "on cordial and confidential terms." Hughes, he says, "makes the impression of being preëminently sensible. He holds forth perhaps too much, but less than any other American of his standing. Americans, with the notable exception of Mellon, normally and instinctively hold forth in proportion to their fortune or position." If Lord D'Abernon lived in America he would realize that we are essentially a pedagogically-minded people, less interested in discussion than in playing teacher and forcing our auditors into the position of pupils.

Lord D'Abernon is clearly a diplomatist of the old school with a modern outlook. Educated at Eton, spending a large part of his long life in the diplomatic service in the Near East, D'Abernon might easily have become as narrow-minded as his old school friend, Lord Curzon. He might even have become a sharp trickster like Declassé or Aehrenthal, seeking advantage for his own country at the expense of other nations. He did neither. There is nothing Machiavellian about his diplomacy save its skill. Going to Germany at an unusually difficult time he won the confidence of those in power through tact, friendliness, and honesty of purpose. He strengthened relations between England and Germany. He helped to restore the confidence of other European nations in Germany. And he contributed distinctly to the cause of world peace. His is a record of which any diplomatist might well be proud.

The style of Lord D'Abernon's book is easy though not distinguished. It is not too serious nor too gossipy. The layman will enjoy it; the scholar will value it as source material. The title of the American edition is unfortunate. When the book first came to my notice I had a hazy impression that it had appeared some time ago. Then I realized that I was confusing it with George Glasgow's "From Dawes to Locarno," published in 1926. The title used in England, "The Years of Recovery," would have been better. But perhaps the book would not have sold as well.

SUPERSTITION

From an old cut. See page 958.

Grant's Apprenticeship

THE RISE OF U. S. GRANT. By A. L. CONGER. New York: The Century Co. 1931. $5.

Reviewed by A. HOWARD MENEELY
Dartmouth College

MUCH has been written in recent years about Ulysses S. Grant. We have had full-length biographies and an able analysis of his generalship, particularly with reference to strategy, by the British military critic, Colonel J. F. C. Fuller. But relatively little attention has been given to Grant's apprenticeship as a commander, the period of his "growth from tactical immaturity to mastery." It is with this phase that Colonel Conger is primarily concerned in the present study. About two-thirds of his book are devoted to Grant's activities up to and including Shiloh, the battle which, we are told, marked the completion of his education in tactics. The remaining chapters "merely outline the later military events in which Grant participated, to bring out the growth of his strategic conceptions and to show how he applied them toward ending the war."

It is Colonel Conger's opinion that if Grant's education for high command had been deliberately planned by some great schoolmaster in the military art, such as the elder Moltke, it could not have been more satisfactory than that which the natural course of events during the Civil War provided. He adds that if Albert Sidney Johnston had been equally fortunate in receiving training, step by step, in the technique of command, he would undoubtedly have developed into a greater leader and would have been the victor of Shiloh.

Except for Shiloh, Vicksburg, and Chattanooga the events in the West in which Grant participated from 1861 to 1863 seem to have little dramatic interest. At any rate, it can hardly be said that the author has found or created much. One is obliged to plow through the details of marches, skirmishes, and minor battles to discover what Grant was learning from them and how he profited by his learning. But for those who are interested in his development as a soldier, the plowing is worth while. Almost every engagement or stage in the early months of the war taught Grant something. He was quick to see his mistakes and seldom repeated them. Colonel Conger shows that from the outset Grant displayed a fine capacity for organization and hard work, a lively imagination, persistent optimism, and a readiness to face dangers and adversity with an imperturbable courage. He developed early the power of inspiring a "spiritual" teamwork between his troops and himself. They became "Grant's men." At a time when too many Northern generals were clamoring and complaining because conditions did not suit them, Grant manifested a refreshing willingness to accept without protest such conditions as he encountered. Just before the attack on Fort Donelson, when McClellan, Halleck, and others were fretting and fuming, Grant wired his chief: "I feel every confidence of success and the best feeling prevails among the men." Lincoln soon came to appreciate his quality and trusted and rewarded him.

In his chapters on Shiloh Colonel Conger vigorously combats some of the criticisms of Grant's conduct during that battle. He contends that Grant was misunderstood because he was "a leap ahead of his time in many ways," and adds "the severity with which he is blamed by his critics is generally in increased ratio to their lack of understanding of military operations." The charge that the Union forces went uncommanded at Shiloh until Grant arrived is denied. The author points out that Grant had organized his staff on modern lines and had taught them "what to do on their own." In his absence when the battle began, the subordinates took charge and did what was expected of them in such a case, and did it well. Colonel Conger exonerates Grant for failing to follow up the retreating Confederates at the close of the second day of fighting by pointing out that two days of hard fighting with an uncomfortable night between spent under cover in the rain had left the men too fatigued for pursuit. Again, he asserts that if the Unionists did err in failing to pursue, the blame must rest with General Buell, with whom Grant fought at this time on the basis of mutual coöperation. The author's argument here, however, is not altogether clear, for he admits that Grant was the senior officer and was alone responsible for victory or defeat.

Among the most interesting and valuable chapters in the book are those treating the Mississippi River as a political and economic factor, and Grant as a strategist. In the former, Colonel Conger emphasizes how strongly the Northwest was motivated in its attitude toward the war by trade considerations, and in the latter, how largely the final strategy of the war was determined by the desire of Grant to cut off Lee from his dwindling sources of supply.

Curiosities of History

PURITAN'S PROGRESS. By ARTHUR TRAIN. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1931. $3.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

MR. TRAIN'S book deserves one adjective above all—it is enjoyable. It is not a work of original research; it is not marked by profound observation—in fact, the reflections scattered through it are singularly jejune. But it would be difficult to find a more entertaining work on national manners. The book originated in a pilgrimage made by Mr. Train in 1930 to his ancestral town of Framingham, Mass. The result of gazing at his grandfather's portrait in the public library and sitting in the church wherein he had preached was a realization of acute ignorance regarding our American past. The author began looking it up in old letters, diaries, books of travel, volumes of etiquette, and the like. He was enormously amused by what he learned of the good old days of hourglasses, stage coaches, homemade ink, two-hour sermons, Yankee rum, turkey matches, bundling, and all the rest, and he conveys his sense of elated surprise to the reader. Mr. Train brings out his curiosities so adroitly that even those which are somewhat familiar gleam with an appealing novelty.

His attitude toward the past is distinctly irreverent. He likes to show Paul Revere not as the legendary hero of the midnight ride but as the man who made false teeth for unfortunate Bostonians, and tightened them from time to time when they grew loose. He expatiates upon our ancestors' indifference to bathing, and mentions with gusto the New Englander who, having ordered a bathtub in August, refused to accept delivery in October on the ground that the bathing season was over. He drags to light some of the strange injunctions of old rules of etiquette; the statement, for example, that it is perfectly proper to "spit in the corner" so long as you "rub it in with

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your foot." Old Puritan customs are described; for instance, the practice in rural districts of having newly married couples get up at church in the middle of the sermon and, turning slowly around, give everyone a chance to view their finery. Memoirs are ravaged for illustrations of the queer ideas people used to hold. Mr. Train rescues the fact, among many, that Edward Everett Hale's father, a fanatic as a railroad prophet, once stated in Faneuil Hall that if people could travel from Springfield to Boston in five hours, an average of *nine* people would come every day; and the estimate was considered an exaggeration.

What binds the book together is a faint thread of family history running through it. Mr. Train's grandfather went to Harvard at the end of the eighteenth century, when President Willard enjoyed a salary of $1,400, and the students in dormitories lived a life that would make present-day convicts rebel. His father saw Lafayette at Bunker Hill in 1825, and at Brown University in 1837 ran up the terriffic bill for the winter term of $34.78 for all expenses. Mr. Train's own memory goes back to a period not long after the Civil War: the period of gas, sulphur matches, zinc-lined bathtubs, black walnut interiors, antimacassars, and concert saloons. It may be further identified, as he says, by the fact that every good Boston and New York family had a Bridget, who was thought well paid at $4 a week. But the Train family is after all kept in the background. From all sorts of sources, in a pleasingly informal way, we have a mélange of facts about Puritan Sabbaths, old hotel menus, early railways, Saratoga Springs, political oratory, Mrs. Bloomer, early operas, New York society in Ward McAllister days, museums, table manners, and in fact almost everything under the sun. Much of it is inconsequential, but part of it is informing, and every page of it is delightfully readable.

The Body-Mind Problem

BEYOND PHYSICS. By Sir Oliver Lodge. New York: Greenberg. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by F. S. C. Northrop
Author of "Science and First Principles"

IT is a relief to find a competent physicist who is specific when he writes concerning the philosophy of his subject. Little contribution is made to our understanding of things, if we learn merely that contemporary science confirms idealism or realism or positivism or some other cult of the schools. The standardized answers have been known for a long time, yet our problems remain unsolved. What we need from science is not the confirmation of some old philosophy, but additional information which will enable us to construct a new one. The contribution made by Sir Oliver Lodge in his recent book, "Beyond Physics," is of this kind.

He has taken that portion of physics with which he is most intimately connected, namely experimental and theoretical optics and electro-magnetics, and brought its specific physical conception to bear upon the baffling philosophical problem of the relation between the body and the mind. The result while by no means conclusive or in any way final, reveals the strictly physical locus in which the problem centers, and indicates the course which we must pursue towards its resolution. Curiously enough Sir Oliver takes us neither to psychical research nor to psychology, but to theoretical and experimental physics.

This seems to be a very far-fetched procedure. Nevertheless it must become a commonplace to anyone who knows the fundamental outlines of contemporary physics. It has been conclusively demonstrated in physics that any complex thing such as a chemical element or a planet, is made up not merely of microscopic atomic electrical charges called electrons and protons, but also of a macroscopic field, in which these particles are imbedded. The attempt of the scientists of the eighteenth century to build up natural objects from nothing but microscopic particles has failed. The particles exist but a continuous field factor is present also. The whole has a primacy of its own and refuses to be resolved into nothing but microscopic atoms. This has become clear in the young science of wave mechanics in which both the continuous field and the discontinuous particles become primary physical factors. The writer of this review has shown in his "Science and First Principles" that this opposition between field and particle applies also to the living organism including man.

Once this is recognized it becomes evident that the body-mind problem centers precisely where Sir Oliver Lodge has located it. One key to it, at least, is to be found in an analysis of the relation between the macroscopic field factor with its extremely formal properties and the microscopic atoms with their more kinetic and material properties.

Once the body and mind of man are considered in this new setting new possibilities with reference to the nature and relation of both suggest themselves. Sir Oliver hints that the seat of mind is to be found in the macroscopic field with its imperceptible formal factors, and that the basis of body is in the microscopic atomic principle.

His theory is unusually specific. He identifies the field factor with the ether. We shall indicate in a moment that this is not satisfactory as a final statement of the matter. He seems to be inclined also to regard the ether as more formal than material, particularly when he is trying to agree with the idealists or dualists, but his final solution of the body-mind problem indicates that he recognizes the need of a physical ether, if the action of mind on body is not to remain a mystery. In addition there is an inclination on his part to derive the microscopic particle from the ether. The latter tendency can end in nothing but confusion or failure.

Although Sir Oliver is quite right in maintaining that field physics cannot be built up in terms of the microscopic atoms alone, he is as wrong as were the physicists of the eighteenth century who went to the other extreme, when he supposes that the atom can be derived from the field. Both the macroscopic one and the microscopic many are primary; neither can be defined in terms of the other. If change is to exist in a physical theory nature must be made up of real parts in motion. This was established long ago by Parmenides. It dooms to failure all attempts of physicists to reduce the electron to the field.

This brings us to one of the deep philosophical problems of contemporary physics. How is the continuous macroscopic field factor to be reconciled with the kinetic microscopic principle? Sir Oliver's attempt to solve this problem by reducing the atom to the ether is unsatisfactory, as will be shown later. Sir Oliver's contribution is not in this direction, but to the body-mind problem.

He identifies the macroscopic field factor with the ether. This ether contains many wave motions. They appear with all possible velocities. These waves fall into two main classes, termed group forms and constituent forms. The group forms range in velocity from zero to that of light, and appear as the matter and energy manifestations which the physicist studies. The constituent forms constitute the group forms, and have velocities higher than that of light, and do not appear to the physicist because their manifestations are formal and imperceptible. The crucial point in Sir Oliver's doctrine is his contention that accepted electro-magnetic and wave theory calls for the existence of the imperceptible constituent forms as well as the perceptible group forms.

* * *

If this be granted then certain simple identifications provide one with a consistent, intelligible, and plausible theory of the difference between body and mind and the causal connection between them. One merely follows Sir Oliver in identifying the group forms with body and the constituent forms with mind. In this fashion a meaning is provided for the difference between mind and body. Strictly speaking both are physical, although Sir Oliver wavers slightly on this point. Mind has its seat in the macroscopic ether, and body in the pluralistic miscroscopic principle to which the group forms give rise. Since the group forms are conditioned by the constituent forms the control of mind over body becomes intelligible.

One can have little but praise for such a theory. Whether right or wrong, it is at least the kind of philosophy we need. We are not left with some vague generality to the effect that all is mind, or all is body, or all is both mind and body, but with a specific theory of the relation and difference between body and mind, a theory, moreover, which fits in with our knowledge of the rest of nature. In addition, the theory is such that science can eventually determine whether it is true or not. But true or false, it has indicated the direction in which the philosophy of body and mind of the future must move if it is to have anything to do with the actual physical bodies of human beings in this physical universe.

A word may be in order with reference to Sir Oliver's conception of the ether. He is inclined to regard it as an ultimate and irreducible physical continuum, from which all other material and human objects and scientific categories are to be derived. The present temper of physics is slightly in this direction. A survey of the whole situation reveals, however, that this doctrine must be rejected as a final philosophy of the subject.

In the first place, the special theory of relativity removed the ether as an absolute entity independent of matter. If any ether exists it must be defined in terms of matter, it is not something within which matter is located or contained. In the second place, the general theory of relativity led to the identification of the ether with the metrical and gravitational field, and established the fact that this physical field or continuum is determined by matter and its motion. This makes it clear that the ether must be defined in terms of matter, and not that matter can be defined in terms of the ether. Hence, relativity physics requires that we conceive of the ether as a complex derived, changing physical field and not as a primary substance.

At this point the problem of the field versus the particle appears again. If the ether is a complex, changing, physical continuum and must be defined in terms of physical categories, how does it happen that wave mechanics reveals it to be irreducible to the electrons and protons of traditional physical theory? The only answer seems to be that there must be a single physical, primary, macroscopic factor introducing unity and continuity which merges with the many discontinuous moving electrons and protons to produce the complex, changing ether and the complex subjects such as planets and men which it contains. Elsewhere the writer of this review has indicated precisely what this entails.

For our present purposes it is sufficient to note that man cannot be considered, except descriptively, as an emanation of the ether. Instead, man and ether are complex, changing systems constituted of an opposition and synthesis of a formal, macroscopic, unifying physical principle and a pluralistic, kinetic, diversifying principle. When Sir Oliver's ether is formulated in such terms a universe is provided with the different physical and formal elements which are necessary and sufficient to provide a meaning for the peculiar mixture of difference plus causal relatedness which constitutes the body-mind problem.

It may be noted that Sir Oliver goes "beyond physics" only by staying with it and establishing certain identities. As an account of the determinate identities and differences between these two phases of our nature his theory seems to be adequate. But experience involves one other factor. In addition to the physical and formal principles in terms of which his theory is expressed, there is also the psychical. One of the most important needs of our time is a clear conception of what we mean by the psychical. When this is given and brought into conjunction with Sir Oliver's theory as modified above, a rough preliminary solution of one of the most baffling problems of philosophy is at hand.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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Artist and Prophet

MODERN ARCHITECTURE. By FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT. The Princeton University Press. 1931. $4.

Reviewed by TALBOT FAULKNER HAMLIN

THE period since the war has been marked by a continually growing popular interest in architecture, and an accompanying flood of books on architecture and the allied arts. It has been a time of artistic transition; it has seen the waning of eclecticism and the rise of new styles, new forms, new ways of working. The greater number of these books have dealt with these new styles either historically, like Hitchcock's "Modern Architecture," or Sheldon Cheney's "New World Architecture," or, like Le Corbusier's "Towards a New Architecture," arrogantly and controversially, for controversy over style, bitter and at times fanatical, seems typical of present day architectural thinking.

One man in America has always remained aloof from this battle though himself one of its chief causes —Frank Lloyd Wright. Creator first, unlike Le Corbusier he has been propagandist by his work rather than his words; the 1930 Scammon lectures at Princeton, now published under the title "Modern Architecture," are thus doubly welcome, as a revelation of Wright's greatness, and as a presentation of the problems of architecture today.

Personal, rhetorical, intense, moving, this book is eloquent of Wright's enthusiasm, of the creative drive that has made him recently the battle ground of the modernists. Reading it, one understands why those in charge of the coming Chicago World's Fair feared to ask him to be one of the architects, and yet one all the more regrets and resents his omission. Between Mr. Wright and his *bête-noir*, Michael Angelo, there are many resemblances: both were great originators; both were often disowned by their contemporaries as well as by the very schools they helped to birth; both were rhetoricians rather than logicians; tragedy of one kind or another has envenomed the words of both.

It is natural, then, that "Modern Architecture" should be most convincing when least controversial. Thus the first lecture, largely devoted to a talk first given years ago on the place of the machine in design, and the last three concerning the modern house and the modern city, are superb. The other paper, "The Cornice," from its gory beginning with a description of an accident in which a workman was killed by a falling cornice (as if modern steel were not much more deadly), to its angry close, seems by a different, and a more strident, pen. In it Mr. Wright has crammed all the bitterness that he has ever felt; and, classic as he himself often is in his sense of quiet, well-proportioned dignity, it is all classic architecture—Greek, Roman, Renaissance, modern— that he has chosen to serve as a sort of vicarious whipping boy on which to take revenge. It is, perhaps, interesting as a personal document, but it is not architectural criticism. To call the American Institute of Architects "the Arbitrary Institute of Appearances" is an expression of irrelevant personal emotion; it has nothing to do with fact.

The house chapter (The Cardboard House) is the keenest, most constructive criticism of pure functionalism—extreme "modernism"—that I have yet read. Mr. Wright's humanity—what he calls "romance" —makes him see clearly what so many doctrinaire architects forget, that no matter how machine-controlled our age may be, mankind demands not a machine to live in, but a home, a release from economic and technical angularities. Trees and flowers and water and space, beauty of texture and color and poetry—these are what Wright is seeking in house design. It is most satisfying to see the ideals he has incarnated in so many lovely houses, from his sweeping roofed earlier work to his more recent cast concrete tile buildings in California, set out so clearly, so persuasively, and with such unexpected humor. It is pleasant to read his pungent and piercing protest against the "cardboard houses" of the theological modernists like Gropius. Can it be that here is an architectural radical who questions the divinity of the machine?

Mr. Wright carries his machine blasphemy even further in his trenchant analysis of the skyscraper and the modern city. Lewis Mumford, in "Sticks and Stones," had carefully examined the sociological basis of the modern skyscraper and found it wanting; since that book appeared, however, Le Corbusier, Hugh Ferriss, and others have sought the solution of the modern city in still more standardization, still more bulk of building, fearsome 250 foot avenues, four story streets, endless skyscraper apartments separated by monotonous similar areas of sterile garden space; air, light, sanitation to make us endure our machine slavery, as stock farmers build modern model barns so that cows may give more and richer milk. In the city, Mr. Wright sees, are summed up all the characteristics of the mechanized industrial world, skyscrapers are merely "space manufacture for profit." Are machines and cities to be our servants, to give us richness and leisure and breadth of soul? Or shall the city and its machines devour our freedom and make us all standardized slaves, sanitarily housed in Unit 17, Floor 46, Building B? Here is the great problem not only of modern architecture, but of modern life. For Mr. Wright's brilliant presentation of the problem all architects and laymen alike, who are hoping and working for a future that is not slavery, may be deeply grateful, for Frank Lloyd Wright has proved himself not only an artist, but a prophet.

Philosophical Essays

THE CONTEMPORARY AND HIS SOUL. By IRWIN EDMAN. New York: Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by HARRY T. COSTELLO

Trinity College

IT would be easy to find points to praise in this book. Yet we feel it better for Mr. Edman if we refrain from praising too highly. We wonder whether Mr. Edman is making the best use of his very genuine philosophic abilities, in producing a series of such philosophical essays. Unless such essays are done superlatively well, they are of ephemeral interest and doubtful influence. The philosophical essay is a difficult type of writing. It must give the reader pleasure by its style and form, and an intellectual thrill by its illuminating and unexpected reinterpretations. We cannot feel that Mr. Edman has been successful in either respect, though we like his thought much better than we like the way he says it.

There are long sections in this book which suggest a rather fuzzy imitation of Santayana. The style calls attention to itself, but unfortunately does not create pleasure in its contemplation. There are other passages that more resemble the vague generality and lack of concreteness of language which so often annoy the reader of Professor Dewey. The persistent use of indefinitely general terms may be intended to give an impression of calm, judicious breadth and detachment, but after a while the reader discovers that this lofty and rather cloudy style is being used to conceal the commonplaceness of half the thoughts, and the lack of precision of those not so trivial. We are tempted to parody Mr. Edman's style at its worst, by writing sentences such as this: "It is of course true that one would find much in contemporary life which would be unsatisfactory to some." The thought is only too "of course," and the way it is said is made blurry and annoying by the words "it," "one," "much," "some." There are paragraphs in which Mr. Edman repeats such terms or awkward constructions over and over, till the reader with an ear for the cadences of prose begins to writhe. His style continually risks that monotony which is more quickly fatal to enjoyment in the philosophical essay than in almost any other type of writing. Add to this a rather frequent lack of clearness and coherent sequence in paragraph construction, and the total effect becomes one of a rambling style, lacking in tension and vigor, though there are single passages of high excellence.

The larger units of thought are much better than the details of the exposition. Mr. Edman's "contemporaries" are perhaps examples of over-refined "souls." But their reactions are real aspects of the present stage of culture; and in some chapters, such as that entitled "The Faith in Intelligence," or in his own concluding "Note Concerning Salvation," his critical evaluation reaches a really high level of judiciousness and penetration. Mr. Edman chronicles a "failure of nerve" in the more sophisticated of his contemporaries, and yet manages himself to escape from the snares of retreat and nostalgia and self-pity. As he says, the ways these contemporaries have taken, even those who would remake the world by intelligence, are "romantic soliloquies" rather than "considerations of experience." Mr. Edman would recommend, instead, a keener appreciation of the manifold sources of happiness in the world of things as they are, an attitude which he designates as "naturalism."

It has become increasingly difficult to discuss intelligently how far a "naturalistic" view of life is adequate, because of the bewildering variations in the connotation of the term "naturalism." We find "naturalism or humanism" contrasted with supernaturalism, or with metaphysical idealistic system-building; again, we find "humanism," as a "dualistic" view that refuses to reduce mind to mere bodily behavior, thus contrasted with "naturalism"; again, we find "naturalism" contrasted with romanticist "flights from reality"; and then conversely the "naturalisists and romanticists" are lumped together, either as the accursed brood of Rousseau, or else as the soulless products of nineteenth century scientific thought, now shown up in their shallowness by the new science of Eddington and Jeans and the atoms with wills of their own. Today a writer may call himself a "naturalist" or an "idealist," and in the two cases hold exactly the same opinions. Of course we all want to be "naturalistic," if "naturalism" means recognizing things to be as they are—but that is the question, How are they? Probably no one of the troubled "souls," whose reactions Mr. Edman examines, does not think he sees things as they truly are. Is one a "naturalist" when he accepts, and not, when he rebels? Yet we do not deny that Mr. Edman has found a wise and sane attitude, whether we call it "naturalism" or not.

Pegasus Perplexing

NUMBER VII

FRIENDSH'P'S OFFERING

"O be my first," said Pythias;
"I love you as a brother."
Damon affectionately harked;
"Me too!" succinctly he remarked.
Said Pythias, "You're another!"
Tears stood in their respective eyes;
In their respective throats were lumps;
To interrogative surprise
In unison came their replies:
"My next! My trump of trumps!"
Compared with sentimental loyalty.
What are my whole and other frills of royalty?

NUMBER VIII

My First

The convalescent spies me with the feeling
That all the soreness of his wound is healing,
Yet many a man will show me little liking,
For I am neither courteous nor striking.

My Second

In golden ages, when the world was younger,
I suffered neither obloquy nor hunger:
Men heard my voice with countenance ecstatic.
To-day they leave me starving in an attic.

My Whole

Born to a dull, inactive sort of labor,
I bluntly check my mad and murderous neighbor.
'Tis mine to hide the sharpness of his temper—
Quarrelsome he and quiet I, sic semper.

RULES

Throughout the summer months *The Saturday Review* will publish two charades in each issue of the magazine, the last charade to appear in the issue of August twenty-ninth.

It is our hope that readers of the paper will be interested in solving these puzzles and will submit answers at the conclusion of the contest. Prizes will consist of copies of the book from which the charades are taken, "Pegasus Perplexing," by Le Baron Russell Briggs, to be published by The Viking Press at the conclusion of the contest.

Contestants must solve correctly at least ten of the twenty-four charades in order to qualify. A prize will be awarded for each of the 100 highest scores obtained by those who qualify.

The highest score will win a copy of the book specially bound in leather.

In case of ties each tying competitor will receive the award.

Solve the charades each week as they appear, but do not send in your answers until the last charade is published on August twenty-ninth.

In submitting answers merely number them to correspond with the number of the charade to which they apply and mail the list to Contest Editor, *The Saturday Review*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

All answers must be mailed not later than midnight of September tenth, 1931.

It is not required that competitors subscribe to *The Saturday Review;* copies of the magazine are available for free examination at public libraries or at the office of publication. The contest is open to everyone except employees of *The Saturday Review* and The Viking Press.

The accuracy of the answers will be verified by the editors of *The Saturday Review.*

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Machinery, Magic and Art

SOME people seem to feel, vaguely and perhaps uncomfortably, that the arts somehow ought to be thought of as important. We permit our children in school to give their time to music and drawing. Our self-made men often devote part of their hard-worn earnings to paintings or old books. As soon as our cities accumulate a little spare capital, they start public libraries and orchestras and art galleries. Nevertheless, the lot of the arts is not an altogether happy one. The practitioner of any art is apt to feel that the homage paid the arts is largely sham, and that he is in reality surrounded by a vast ocean of indifference and incomprehension. He and his cohorts are inclined to take to scolding the public or the nation. And the public, on the other hand, when at intervals it is seized with compunction and decides to investigate what is happening in the arts, is likely to find itself puzzled and vexed, and forced to the conclusion that the modern painter or musician or poet "only does it to annoy." It gladly returns to its old favorites, or to its old unconcern.

Meanwhile, becalmed upon this windless sea of neglect, the artists and their hangers-on degenerate into connoisseurs and virtuosos and technicians, and quarrel over the functions and purposes of their several arts, and lament the crassness of the modern age. Yet the responsibility for the present unsatisfactory state of affairs must be charged chiefly to the artists. The modern age—for all the disparagement of it which we hear from those who do not belong to it in spirit—is as good as another, if not better. And the public is on the whole right—right in its sense both that the arts ought to be important, and that they somehow aren't. Surely, every one has a drastic, vital need of art—for reasons which I shall try to set forth later on. And for a long time now the arts have done little to fill this need. In other words, they neglect their most important function.

Both artists and critics are apparently unaware of the function I have in mind. In the theoretical discussions which rage among the specialists, many purposes are propounded—and these, it is true, the arts fulfil: they give much pleasure, they afford self-expression to many, they supply a representation, an interpretation, a criticism, of life. At their best, they do what Robert Frost says art should do—"strip life to form." Yet the fact remains that nowadays painting and music and literature are luxury-products, epiphenomena—and this condition, I insist, is both wrong and needless. It is due to the arts having forsaken their essential office.

* * *

To turn to the one art that really flourishes in our time is instructive—engineering, and especially mechanical engineering. The fact that this is not a fine art, but a utilitarian one, long prevented it from being recognized as an art at all. However, the presupposition that nothing useful can be art, a notion general among both the esthetic clans and the laity, is directly opposite the truth, and has wrought great harm. On the contrary, there ought to be no fine arts, but only useful ones. And mechanical engineering has prospered because there is no doubt as to what it accomplishes, and because that is something everybody wants done: it transmits and regulates power, and every one wants command of power, ever more power. Thus, this one art that thrives has two lessons to teach the fine arts: that any art can flourish if it will satisfy a strong universal desire; and that what men crave is power. In other words, I suggest that artists set themselves the same end as mechanicians, the communication and control of power. This is the all-important function which modern art has abandoned.

Of late there has been some talk, and very interesting talk, too, about machines as works of art. Why not reverse the process, and look at works of art as machines? Such an identification of art and machinery is not unwarranted. In the beginning, they were one and the same thing, they served the same single object, the gaining and ruling of power. This was in the days when they were both indistinguishable parts of primitive magic. As they have developed and differentiated, however, machinery has remained true to its original purpose, but has specialized in handling only physical power. Art, on the other hand, which should specialize in conveying psychological power, has relinquished its office. Consequently, it finds itself in the doldrums, although it has vital work to do that can be done by no other agency. The world has urgent need of it; both the world and art would benefit if the arts could be persuaded to resume their original and proper business, to play once again the role they played in early magic.

The mention of magic ought not to be too surprising. It has long been recognized that in primitive magic lies a chief source of both science and art. Magic is the savage's engineering, his technology. It is his effort to get command of power and direct it to his own purpose. By mimicry, incantation, and the other methods of magic, he undertakes to control the wind and the rains, to induce fecundity in his tribe, to make his crops grow. Always he has in view, according to his lights, what Bacon foretold as the chief service of natural science, "the relief of man's estate." And it must be remembered that to him magic is in a sense not magic, and certainly not to be divided from science and art. To divert the waters of a stream to his cornfield, to sprinkle it with holy meal, and to make a song or a statue for the benefit of his grain, are for him not only equally valid, but essentially similar means of attaining his end.

Furthermore, it must be remembered also that, not discriminating as we do between objective and subjective, he sees physical and psychological energy as all one. He conceives of a universal potency in which all things share to a greater or lesser degree; the terms of the Maori and of the Sioux for this potency, *mana* and *wakanda* respectively, have come into wide use among anthropologists. The common American word is "medicine." Just as we wish above everything to get at what we call energy and use it for ourselves, so the savage wishes to avail himself of what he calls—*mana*—the two words mean much the same thing. From the individual's private relations with the Powers Above and Below to the communal rites of the whole tribe, runs the same motive, the winning and directing of power.

After all, the ways of the savage are not so utterly different from our own. In time of war, for instance, as we invent new explosives and machine guns, he makes himself the best bow and arrows that he can. His fighters do their war dances; our soldiers march and sing. He paints the Thunderbird and other mighty spirits on his equipment to get their assistance; we try to reassure ourselves in our churches that Omnipotence is with us. It is curious to reflect how many of our devices for keeping up our morale, or for sustaining our tribal *wakanda*, are like those of the savage—that is, are magical. And very effective these devices are, too, as everybody knows.

For unquestionably there is truth in magic, as well as delusion—but it is psychological, not scientific truth. The love song or the war song, the amulet in which he has faith, beyond doubt render a man more irresistible in love or war, if only by heartening him. By similar means, it is probable, medicine men have succeeded in curing many illnesses. In the fertility rites of spring, we may question the efficacy of the ceremony with reference to the crops, but we have no reason to question its efficacy with reference to the tribe itself. In relation to external objects, we know that magic fails; but we ought to know also that with reference to the practitioners themselves it is likely to succeed: by means of it, they gain an access of energy—they gain the power they desire.

No one, I am sure, who has ever witnessed a genuine magical ceremony will question its effectiveness. Even the ignorant and infidel bystander gains from it a tremendous lift, a renewal, and an enhancement of strength. After all, we have our bodies, we are part animal, and to get a proper relation to our bodily animal energies, instincts, powers—the groundwork of our lives—is of enormous benefit.

Magic, then, insofar as it is efficacious and true, might be described as a kind of psychological machinery—that is, a set of devices by which the human being is enabled to avail himself of augmented psychological power, to raise his vitality. "Psychic energy," to be sure, may be only a metaphor, a figure of speech which we use to cover our ignorance, because we know too little to speak literally and exactly. Indeed, we might as well use the primitive terms, and call it *mana*, *wakanda*, "medicine," mysterious potency. But the phenomenon itself, in some form or other, I am sure, is familiar to every one; every one, that is, must be conscious at times of possessing a peculiar abundance of vigor, and at other times of its dearth. We have various methods of securing this vigor; the primitive secures it by the practice of magic.

AMONG the means by which magic works, the two most important, I suspect, are images and rhythm. The savage sings, he dances, he beats his drum—magical practices are replete with rhythmical activities. And rhythmical activity, as we all know from our own experience, sets free our latent energies. Probably it affects our breathing, the beating of our hearts and the other bodily processes which are themselves rhythmical, speeding them up or toning them down, heightening them and making them more regular. At any rate, whatever the cause, the effect of rhythm is familiar enough, from the savage's war dance to the congregational singing in church and to modern dancing.

As for images, their potency is perhaps less generally recognized. But consider the part played by images in magical procedure—in the typical case, for instance, of the warrior's magic, whether individual or communal. First of all, he holds before his mind an image of success, of victory; he pictures himself irresistibly slaying huge numbers of the enemy. Thus he gains confidence, and therefore power. Furthermore, he imagines himself receiving aid from nature; he keeps in his mind an image of Wind or Sun, thus associating and identifying himself with forces mightier than his own. So his own little "medicine" is enlarged by drawing upon the great "medicines" of the world, and he is bucked up, he feels that "virtue" has entered into him. A war song of the Blackfeet, rendered by Miss Eda Lou Walton, illustrates the process:

> The earth is my home,
> It is powerful.
> Water speaks in foam,
> It is powerful.
> There sits a hill,
> It is powerful.
> I go now to kill,
> I am powerful!

Strong as the image in the mind may be, however, its strength is immensely increased if it is embodied in something, and so objectified and externalized. The mere association of it with some external object seems to be of much help: the possession of a wolf's tooth or an eagle's feather, for example, aids in addressing prayer for ferocity or speed to the Wolf or Eagle Spirit—aids, presumably, by making more vivid and real the images involved. Still more effective is a drawing, a picture, a carving of wood or stone—any such representation of the Power to be won. This is the "image" in the sense of effigy or likeness, as in the Biblical phrase "graven image." It is noteworthy that no religion has been able to get along without such images for long—a testimonial to the inability of most people to hold a mental image without help, and to the superior efficacy of the objective image. To the methods of achieving this result should be added the embodying of an image in the mimicry and movements of a dance, and the snaring of it in the words and music of a song. These last methods are of special consequence, because they unite strikingly the two most effectual of the instruments of magic, rhythm and image.

According to the civilized view, the savage, in the act of creating his charm, whether fetish or song or dance, frees and utilizes latent energy in himself; and thereafter the charm has the capacity at proper moments again to make latent energy available, through working upon him with imagery and rhythm. But this, of course, is not at all the savage's view. He believes that the charm itself possesses the *mana*; and he further believes that once the charm is made, its *mana* becomes transferable. The original owner and maker, by giving his talisman to some one else, or

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by T. K. Whipple

by teaching his song or his dance to another, can pass on with it its "medicine." Thus, a man, for instance, who makes a good hunting dance or song may be thought a great benefactor of his tribe. And quite properly, too, for these charms do no doubt produce much the same psychological effect upon others as upon the creators of them. So the man who devises a good war dance may make better fighters of all his clansmen, by enhancing their belligerent ardor.

IT must be clear by this time what a large part magic has played in the origin of the arts. Other sources also may have contributed: probably wood was carved and pictures drawn for the mere fun of it; probably from the beginning some songs were sheer outbursts of spontaneous feeling. But serious art, art that mattered, was pretty well tied up with magic; a work of art was a magical machine, a contrivance for capturing *mana*, potency. Songs and dances were spells, charms; rituals and pantomimes developed into drama and opera and choral singing; modern fiction is related to the ceremonial rehearsing of sacred myths; and painting and sculpture began mainly in primitive fetishes and idols. Bach and Beethoven are lineal descendants of early shamans and medicine men. Art as well as science has grown out of the basic impulse which underlies magic. But whereas science, at least applied science, has remained true to its first aim, the arts, in our world, have drifted far away.

That is my complaint of them. In surrendering their practical usefulness, they have relinquished their chief excuse for being. And only, I am sure, when they return to their first function, when they become again channels of power, will they regain the robust vitality and the wide acceptance and understanding which they have forfeited. For every one craves more vital energy, more medicine or *wakanda*, and when artists supply it, they will no longer have cause to complain of public indifference. The triumphs and services of science and engineering are no more momentous, I venture to say, in utilizing natural resources, than might be the triumphs and services of art in utilizing human resources.

All art that amounts to much has been true to its original function, and has attained its end by magical means—by rhythm and images, embodied, externalized images. The Greek tragedies were not performed, nor the Gothic cathedrals built, we may be sure, merely to gratify the esthetic sense, but to do something, to perform work on the beholders. Later artists, too, have been conscious of this aspect of their work. When Browning describes the effect on a band of pirates of listening to poetry, he says:

> And then, because Greeks are Greeks,
> And hearts are hearts, and *poetry is power*,
> They all outbrake in a great joyous laughter
> With much love.

The effect of, say, imagist verse on bands of Americans is very different from that. And before deciding that Americans are insensitive, let us ask "Is this poetry power?" Of all qualities demanded of poetry nowadays, we hear least of this, that it communicate power. And most of the poets, too, seem to have forgotten this purpose. But Browning was well aware of it, as witness his "Saul," in which David by singing wins Saul back from death to life, and in which Browning himself exemplifies the fact that poetry can be power, can be charged and surcharged with tremendous "medicine."

From the artist's point of view, Byron has said the last word: as the artist gives shape and body to his imaginings, he gets back from them the vitality he imparts, and thus increases the life that is in him:

> 'Tis to create, and in creating live
> A being more intense, that we endow
> With form our fancy, gaining as we give
> The life we image.

The artist expends much energy, but somehow he gets back more. This is the magical and mysterious effect of artistic creation. It is as if the images, hidden in his mind, contained great stores of energy, but locked up, latent, inert, which are set free and made available. To take a conspicuous example of figures which have the kind of power in question, think of Michael Angelo's Night or his Adam: these figures, we may suppose, lay secretly in Michael Angelo's mind, unknown to himself, rich in inactive power; then, as they rose before his mind at the moment of conception, and still more, vastly more, as he projected them in marble and in paint, this power was liberated and flooded his consciousness, so that, in Byron's words, he gained, as he gave it, the life he imaged, and lived "a being more intense." In other words, we may be sure that Night or Adam had for Michael Angelo the value that his fetish or his charm has for a savage—an embodiment and a source of supernal energy, of *wakanda*, of mysterious potency. Just as the primitive carves or paints or sings to get at this potency, so does the artist.

And just as the charm, together with its power, is transferable, so also—luckily for most of us—is the work of art. It is as if a great musical composition or building or play were an inexhaustible reservoir or store of energy. It transmits to us the power which its creator poured into it. Upon it we can draw for a heightening of vitality, for more abundant life. Nor should it be assumed that only the stately and sublime works of art possess this quality; on the contrary, much popular art has it, and indeed I question whether any art or artist that altogether lacks it can be widely popular. For example, I should say that "The Big Parade" and Charlie Chaplin and Fannie Bryce and "Old Man River" and Zane Grey all have more or less of it. Perhaps, indeed, at present the lowbrow arts have more of it than the highbrow. But at any time people will flock to the artist who will move them, do something to them—who will give them that enhancement of life which we all crave. We care so much for it that we will even suffer to get it—and this, I am sure, is why we enjoy tragic art. In spite of the pain involved, the tragic spectacle exalts our own sense of life; it transmits to us the artist's passion and energy, and so gives us a lift, an augmented vitality. Freudians, and others before them have maintained that all art, and tragedy in particular, is of service chiefly in cleansing bosoms of perilous stuff. But surely art's function is less important as a purgative or a safety-valve than as an unbounded source of energy.

* * *

I have suggested that art works upon us as magic works upon the savage—by rhythm, and by embodied images. But I think the effect of art is more understandable if for *rhythm* the larger term, *order* or *harmony*, is substituted. If a poem, a statue, or a building is patterned or ordered in form as it should be, if it is a harmonious embodiment of power, it conveys that power to us in order and harmony, and so induces a corresponding harmony in ourselves. Now most of us are seldom in a wholly harmonious state; most of the time much of our energy is absorbed and wasted in strains and conflicts, outer and inner; we do not often, so to speak, hit on all cylinders. Therefore, to be harmonized is for us to be energized—to be "put in order," literally, is to experience an increase of power. This is why form is all-important in art; it corresponds to efficiency in a machine; the power involved, instead of being lost, is communicated so as to do the work it ought to do.

If the form enables the power to be transmitted, the carrier of that power is the image. The importance of imagination is grossly underestimated today, probably because for various reasons modern life is marked by an exaggerated objectivity. But for all our externality, our running away from ourselves into outer circumstances and hectic activity, our lives are still largely ruled by images. We imagine ourselves wealthy, or powerful, or learned, or famous, or irresistible in love, or having exciting adventures, and we set ourselves to acquire what we have imagined. Many men and women, possessed by imagination, have cast themselves for roles beyond their capacities, and striven to be superhuman heroes or saints or sages. For weal or woe, images have dominion over us, and it is of the utmost consequence that we be aware of them, conscious of what is happening, that we be not obsessed by them but judge their fitness for ourselves and our situation. And art, by embodying them in some external medium, helps us to this awareness, enables us to avoid obsession, to distinguish between ourselves and these images. It does not shear them of their power, but it changes that power from obsessive to beneficial.

Miss Rebecca West's phrase, "the potent image," is a good one. I have not meant to imply that any or every image is potent; most of them are not. One may imagine oneself walking downstairs or washing one's face, but the image has no special value for oneself or any one else. And only potent images have value for art. The most valuable are those which are racial or national, or still better universal. The figure of Don Quixote has been of enormous worth to Spain; the figure of Robin Hood has had a particular attraction for Englishmen. Perhaps the nearest that America has come to such "potent images" is in Lincoln or Jesse James—the mythical, not the historical figures—or in the Indian. The Viking appeals to all northern races. Such figures as Prometheus, the Fire-bringer, or Faust, the man who sold himself to the devil, have a world-wide significance. The potent image, however, need not be human or even naturalistic. Oddly enough, it may even be mathematical. The embodiments in architecture and in music of abstract imagination, of pure form, can be as moving as any. There is no way, so far as I know, of telling which images will have potency, and which will not—but the quality itself is unmistakable.

SOMETIMES it looks as if modern artists by preference busied themselves with impotent images. They seem to avoid images which profoundly move themselves or any one else, to be distrustful of imagination and above all of emotion. And they have their reward, in comparative neglect and misunderstanding. The public cannot be expected to comprehend, much less to care violently about, subtle problems of technique. But meanwhile, unfortunately, the public suffers even more than the artists from this state of affairs. To be sure, there is all the art of the past to draw upon, but somehow with the lapse of time works of art suffer a gradual loss of power. By no means a total loss, of course, or we should be hard put to it—but it would be absurd to suppose that the "Bacchæ" of Euripides or "Le Misanthrope" of Molière can mean as much to us as to their original audiences. The images which were potent in ancient Greece or under the Ancien Régime are naturally much less potent in the twentieth century United States.

For these reasons, if we are to get the power which only art can give us, we must have artists of our own to convey it. And we are not without them. There is little ground to complain of our architects. Some of our writers perform their functions. Musicians seem less satisfactory; and only a few sculptors or painters in the United States, aim at transmitting power. Just now, this function has been largely relegated to the cheapest practitioners—in literature, for instance, to Zane Grey and Edgar Rice Burroughs. However, there is no reason to suppose that the public prefers inadequate and incompetent art. O'Neill has not lacked his audiences, and even a poem—witness "John Brown's Body"—if it will do its job, can attract hordes of readers. But the public in its demands has been faithful to the original purpose of art; it asks magic and power, and if good artists deny it, it turns to bad ones.

The result is deplorable all round. While the artists take for their motto "No compromise with the public taste" and wither away in minute elaboration of their individual, private, and insignificant moods and sensations and skills, the public feeds on husks and straw. Yet I cannot believe that our artists are incapable of conceiving powerful forms and images of more than personal significance, which would profoundly stir them, and therefore us too. I believe rather that, misapprehending their function, they do not solicit such forms and images. For too long they have thought of themselves as playing no social role. It is as if a savage, instead of using his magic for the major purpose of living, were to use it only for private entertainment; as if a mechanical engineer, instead of helping get the world's work done, were to design only toys to amuse himself. We need the artists, as we need imperatively the kind of life and power which only they can supply. Let us beg them not to desert us utterly.

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BOOKS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

Russia the Warning

THE RED FOG LIFTS. By ALBERT MULDAVIN. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

THE title of Mr. Muldavin's book, borrowed from one of his sentences, is a bit gratuitous. The riddle of Soviet Russia isn't disposed of by this little record of an American business man's impressions, but it is a good book, nevertheless.

Mr. Muldavin seems to be a youngish, cosmopolitan sort of American, whose business experience had taken him into many interesting parts of the world, including the nearby tropics and pre-revolutionary Russia. He left a Wall Street skyscraper office and a pent-house apartment in New York and continued to do himself well after arriving in Russia. He had a nine dollar a day room in the hotel in Moscow, mentions drawing several thousands of dollars on his letter of credit when the 1929 crash made him feel worried about affairs at home, and also the pearl-gray spats which he wore through the Ukrainian mud.

He came with what appears to have been a rather biggish proposal for the Soviet Export people but was not at all the sort of business man whose interests are confined to money-making and who is helpless away from a comfortable hotel. Scriabin, played at a Sunday morning piano recital in Moscow, made the tears drop on his program, and he was similarly moved by a peculiarly vivid sort of green in one of the paintings at Tretiakoff Gallery. He "talked turkey" to the Soviet Export people and found them very like other sorts of business men, and he danced and went to night clubs with young girls, and when green-eyed Tamara telephoned him that she was ill with a fever, he hunted up her remote little flat, heaped it with fruits and flowers, kissed her face and hands, and sang her a little Cuban song which sent her peacefully to sleep.

He liked Russia and the Russians, had a good time wherever he went, and got a lot of fun out of giving other people a good time; inviting them to dine with him, buying out the stock of little country shops to make peasant children presents, and playing, in general, the American Santa Claus and fairy prince.

His knowledge of the language and his previous experience in Russia were, naturally, invaluable. The latter made him feel at home, even in the new Russia, in a way that no mere stranger could ordinarily be, and his Russian, although sketchy, gave him the priceless advantage of being able to make friends and gossip with whoever he chanced to meet. As a well-to-do American business man, with important contracts to offer, he escaped, naturally, most physical discomforts and all that pervading sense of fear which poisons the lives of so many of the natives. But he was too openminded and too much interested in people to let this personal advantage shut him away from others' realities.

While waiting for the authorities to act on his proposals, he poked about everywhere, in Moscow, and down into some of the villages of the Ukraine, and wherever he went he made friends, got the latter to talking, and later set down what happened and what people said. The fifty-six short chapters of his book are the record of these innumerable brief episodes; nothing "discussed," in the formal sense of the word, but all sorts of interesting and more or less significant lights cast on present-day Russia by what the natives themselves do and say.

The fact that Mr. Muldavin's visit coincided with the 1929 crash in Wall Street gave him an openmindedness toward the Soviet, or any other unconventional economic experiment, which otherwise he might not have had. It wiped out his own margin accounts, and put him in such a state of nerves as to what was happening, generally, in the West, that for the moment he was almost on the defensive in the face of the seemingly complacent Bolsheviks. His own proposal was turned down, finally, and the amusing thing was that by that time he was glad of it. Things at home had changed so that, as he puts it, "I could now go back to my associates in New York and London and say, 'Gentlemen! I have had a very successful trip; our proposal was *not* accepted!'"

As for general conclusions, Mr. Muldavin regards Russia not as a "menace" but as a warning—"a warning to old Europe, with its political intrigues and national prejudices; to self-centered Americans who live in a fool's paradise of unquestioning traditions; to the entire world that many of its long cherished principles must today stand the crucial test of economic change." A round-table conference, he thinks, might show that Russia isn't so "red" as some think. However that may be, the really important part of Mr. Muldavin's book is its record of first-hand experience and actual talks with all sorts of real people. The value of both is heightened rather than lessened by the fact that the author is content to leave them just as they are and does not feel under any necessity to generalize or to try to say too much.

A Spirit at Odds with Itself

SON OF WOMAN: The Story of D. H. Lawrence. By J. MIDDLETON MURRY. New York: Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith. 1931. $3.

Reviewed by HENRY TRACY

MURRY has been ruthless. He has been downright, explicit, and exact, leaving concealed from us no shred of the real Lawrence that compassion might move him to hide, and he has been tender. On the face of it this is a brutal piece of work. Reading it, one is tempted to exclaim, "This is murder." And who is the Brutus that drives his steel, unflinching, to the quick? The man's best friend, and one of his greatest admirers.

D. H. Lawrence is dead. He was gathered to the shades—it is a matter of months—carrying with him the esteem of our discriminating literary élite and at least the respect of a wider circle. This exposure of his secret self, of the cause and groundwork of a fatal self-delusion—is it necessary, is it justified? I find that it is. This work of dissection had to be done. It is not cold, calculating, clever. Its final result is the release of a spirit that, in life, was trammelled, tortured, and self-concealed, a soul that was pure, was luminous with a strange beauty. When the letters of Lawrence, which Mr. Aldous Huxley is now editing, are published, we shall know more of that soul. It is well for us, now, that we are decisively rid of masks and disguises. As for the man himself, whose secret self is revealed, he will seem to us to have been granted, in death, the peace which in life was denied him. As prayers of priests were once thought to rest the soul of the departed, so, I should like to think, this printed work might rest the soul of D. H. Lawrence.

"Son of Woman" is not a "life." It is not a critical appraisal. It is a grappling with the problem of the man's books and their motivation. How baffling that problem was, and how it weighed upon his nearest friends, can be known from the chapter on "Post-mortem Effects," first published as Murry's "Reminiscences of D. H. Lawrence" in recent numbers of the *Adelphi*. One clear hint of a solution can be found in an account of the last contact between the two men, where Lawrence took his friend aside to say, "You're angry with me about something. What is it?" Murry's reply was, in part, "You always deny what you actually are. You refuse to acknowledge the Lawrence who really exists." It is this clue—a mere flash of intuition—which now becomes an illuminating flame. "Son of Woman" is a superb clarification. Had its author been required only to appraise a man's work, or merely to account for its contradictions, the task would have been comparatively simple, a matter of routine and patience. But he had to account for a spirit at odds with itself in one almost continuous contest culminating in disaster. He had to account for the erection in one man's mind of a spiritual temple worthy of the best aspirations of mankind and its degradation. He had to trace from its outcroppings in prose to its source in the soul the lie by which the man was ruined. He had this hardest of tasks put upon him, it was his to do, and he has done it. He has succeeded.

Now we know why Murry has been pitiless. He had to find and he had to tear free from the fabric of his friend's life—the fabric which he wove in words—the lie that deformed it. Not till that was done could he bring free and into clear relief the pattern of abiding worth which he knew it to contain. That pattern comes clear in "Fantasia of the Unconscious." There it is uttered. There, for a little time, he stands on firm ground in contemplation of that life-wholeness, that spiritual and human truth which he fought his life long to incarnate and from which he was flung down by a doom he was powerless to control. Potential leader, by impulse a veritable savior of men, in ultimate act a Judas, a self-betrayer.

Murry is right in insisting on "The Fantasia" as Lawrence's most permanent legacy to letters, his epical work in the realm of the prophetic. But in pressing this book on an audience many times wider than its author had in view, he should have cautioned them to read all of the foreword. There Lawrence explicitly repudiates "the generality of readers" and declares himself as writing to a "remnant of remainders"; adds further (and this is Gospel truth) that he is not a scientist, but an amateur of amateurs. Having read this avowal, one may plunge anywhere into the middle of the book and find there utterances of vast and unprovable import that distinctly recall the manner of Sir John Mandeville and contain, perhaps, no greater amount of scientific verity. Murry is somewhat aware of this, and describes the cosmology of it as "a language of expression." I should go further and describe the anatomy of it as pure metaphor. But there is one aspect of it which Murry does not reveal to his reader, and that is of uncommon interest to those who know D. H. Lawrence chiefly as a vehicle of dreadful and incurable passional exploration: flashes of pure fun, ironical, perhaps, but not bitter humor. "There," one is moved to say, reading page 7 of the Fantasia, "could have been Lawrence's salvation." Because there, on page 7, in the rôle of Moses gazing out upon the Promised Land (which he may never enter, and that is his tragedy), the man can write:

> . . . that say that way lies the New Jerusalem of universal love; and over there the happy valley of indulgent Pragmatism; and there, quite near, is the chirpy land of the Vitalists; and in those dark groves the home of successful Analysis, surnamed Psycho; and over those blue hills the Supermen are prancing about, though you can't see them. And there is Besantheim, and there is Eddy Howe, and there, on that queer tableland, is Wilsonia, and just round the corner is Rabidranatopolis. . . .
>
> But Lord, I can't see anything. Help me, heaven, to a telescope, for I see blank nothing.
>
> I'm going to sit down on my posterior and sluther full speed down this Pisgah, even if it cost me my trouser seat. So-ho!—away we go.

If, as a result of my quoting this, Thomas Selzer is flooded with orders for a book printed in 1922, and the second-hand bookshops are flooded with seekers, may the shade of Lawrence vouchsafe me a wry smile and forgive my betrayal of his secret—a neglected sense of humor.

The deeper secret that Murry does reveal—a tragic one by the side of which such adventitious bursts of gaiety seem, when wrenched out of their context, a little pathetic—is the man's sensitive and childlike self, damned and crucified for life, by love for a mother. It was this spiritual and ideal experience of love that clouded all other experience and made other love seem incest. It was this that generated that bitter and hopeless rebellion against idealism in life, which idealism he could only repudiate but never destroy without destroying himself. He was a soul divided against itself. Normal sexual and conjugal completion was denied him, but the demand for it could not die. The life and truth of sex, because he could not solve it for himself, became a thing of the ultimate dark. He craved the offices of a Holy Ghost to reconcile his dual nature, set himself to conceive such a sanctifying spirit, and got only a caricature. It would have taken floods of some saving sense such as humor to wash away the stain and hate and thwarting from his life. Of humor he had only a trickle. Religion, love, idealism, beauty in civilization and life, one by one these all failed him—for what a vanquished

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spirit ever sees imaged in earth and in sky is his own failure. But in "Fantasia of the Unconscious" he had a true, if fleeting, vision of the future of man: man as an unconquerable imaginative builder. Once that vision is fulfilled, there can be, as Murry shows, no more Lawrence. Let him be resolved into it by our kindly intent. Let him live for us as that future.

Literary Estimates

THE EIGHTEEN-EIGHTIES. Edited by WALTER DE LA MARE. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1930. $4.50.

Reviewed by MORRIS U. SCHAPPES
College of the City of New York

THE most stimulating of these ten essays, because it is critical as well as descriptive, is Mr. T. S. Eliot's "The Place of Pater." In a volume in which the air of genial reminiscence blunts the critical spirit, Mr. Eliot's acute remarks on Arnold and Pater are especially vivid. His thesis is easily summarized. After asserting that in Arnold "the positive content of many words is very small," Mr. Eliot maintains that "the effect of Arnold's religious campaign is to divorce religion from thought . . . and to set up culture in the place of religion, and to leave religion to be laid waste by the anarchy of feeling. And culture is a term which each man not only may interpret as he pleases, but must indeed interpret as he can." Of Pater, then, Mr. Eliot says: "The zealous Puritanism of Arnold was in him considerably mitigated, but the zeal for culture was equally virulent. So his peculiar appropriation of religion into culture was from another side: that of emotion, and indeed of sensation." Pater's narrowed interpretation of culture as art influenced the 'nineties "and propagated some confusion between life and art which is not wholly irresponsible for some untidy lives." Mr. Eliot's prime concern, however, is with religion, which, stripped by Arnold and Pater of thought, emotion and sensation, became senescent in literature until, if I may be irreverent, Mr. Eliot's conversion to Anglicanism revivified it. The entire paper, however, despite an insufficiently substantiated insistence that Pater was a moralist, and a questionable captiousness regarding some of Arnold's phrases, is keen and suggestive.

On the topic of Gilbert and Sullivan, Mr. Chesterton coins many an ingenious paradox. Defending the proposition that "every single Savoy Opera is a spoilt Bab Ballad," Mr. Chesterton is both gay and illuminating. But when he has satisfied us on this point, he suspends our disbelief still further and convinces us that Gilbert "was the only Englishman who understood and observed the unities of the Greek tragedy." "The Mikado," we are assured, "is not a picture of Japan; but it is a Japanese picture. It is a picture deliberately limited to certain conventions of color and attitude." In recent years Mr. Chesterton has not often been so effective in combining wit and accuracy.

The remaining essays are of varying degrees of importance. Mr. Forrest Reid furnishes a concrete and adequate picture of the minor fiction of the period, and succeeds in writing interestingly about many a forgotten novelist. Mr. Granville-Barker sketches, with easy allusiveness, the dramatic situation in England before "The Coming of Ibsen" in June 7, 1889. Mr. F. S. Boas contributes a good paper on Thomas Edward Brown, a poet whose work Henley unsuccessfully espoused in 1900. Those who are interested in the contemporary revival of Donne will find Brown a neglected pioneer. The Earl of Lytton presents an interesting but uncritical essay on his father, Owen Meredith. Mr. De la Mare writes on Lewis Carroll, but in view of the expectations that the *rapport* of subject and author had aroused, I can report merely that the paper is disappointing, and only tepidly charming. But more disappointing than all is the fact that nowhere in a volume treating the 'eighties is there any reference to Gerard Manley Hopkins, surely the greatest poet of the decade. Mrs. Margaret L. Woods, in her chapter on the poets, restricted herself to those that were read during that period. Hopkins, of course, is not in that company, for he was almost unknown until, in 1918, Dr. Bridges edited his work. But twelve years have passed since then, and it is disconcerting to find twenty pages devoted to Martin Tupper, and not a line to a poet of the mettle of Hopkins.

Tennyson's old house at Freshwater, Isle of Wight, is to be open to the public this summer. It contains many interesting relics of the poet.

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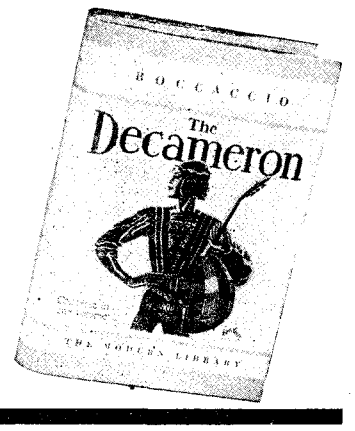

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A Russian Letter

By ALEXANDER I. NAZAROFF

CONTEMPORARY Russian literature has long since been divided into two "hemispheres"—those of Soviet and of émigré writers. In my present letter I will confine myself to neither one of them. The spring season has been marked by the appearance of some outstanding works in Red Moscow as well as in the Paris of the Russian émigrés. My purpose is to draw a balance for this season, in so far, of course, as it can be done in a short review; hence, I will note in brief the high lights that have bobbed up on both sides of the fence.

Perhaps the most significant literary event in Russian Paris is the appearance of a new work by M. Aldanov. Aldanov's name may be familiar to American readers: a few years ago, an interesting historical trilogy of his entitled "The Thinker," dealing with the French Revolution, was published here in English translation. In certain respects it was a remarkable achievement; but his new work is far superior to it. For Aldanov, who is a comparatively young fiction writer, it unquestionably has won a place in the front row of contemporary Russian novelists.

This again is going to be a long work—probably also a trilogy. Its subject is a wide panorama of the Russian revolution. So far, two, or, to be more exact, almost two, consecutive novels forming its first and second parts have appeared: one of them, "The Key" (*Klyuch*; Paris: Sovremenniya Zapiski, publishers), came out at the end of 1930; the other, entitled "The Escape" (*Begstvo*) is now appearing serially (in the monthly bearing the name of that publishing company). The action of the work begins in Petersburg, in 1915; so far, it has reached the end of 1918. If Aldanov continues the way he has begun, this will be by far the best and most significant work of fiction on the Russian revolution which the present reviewer has happened to read.

It is strikingly original in construction. Rather unexpectedly, it begins like a detective story: Fischer, a wealthy banker, is found dead in Petersburg, in his garçonnière, where he was wont to receive his mistresses. Then, developing along the lines of the Fischer investigation, the novel, with remarkable ease and grace, draws into its context the leading circles of the liberal Russian intelligentzia and of the Duma, the "Okhrana" (Secret Police), the world of artistic and literary cabarets, etc., thus transforming itself into a wide canvas. From Fedossyev, the Chief of the Secret Police, to Mussya, the daughter of a wealthy lawyer, all of its numerous characters are drawn with excellent subtlety and clarity. Moreover, the separate plots comprised in the work are so skilfully interconnected and, at the same time, "decentralized," that the reader's attention never relaxes—he constantly moves from one summit of interest to the other.

The winter of bread lines, of cold, unheated apartments, and of numberless anti-Soviet plots hatched by officers, intellectuals, members of the Duma; the attempt on Lenin's life and the high tide of the Red terror; the inimitable atmosphere of adventure, turmoil, and nervous tension in the magnificent, mysterious, snow-covered northern capital; finally, the death of some of his heroes and the flight of the others to Finland—such is the period reached by Aldanov. Aldanov is not only a talented novelist, but also a man of rare culture, subtlety, and intelligence. Under the smooth surface of his calm, clear, unhurried Stendhalean narrative there constantly run the undercurrents of excellent characterization, of suggestive irony, and of thoughts unexpressed yet conveyed to the reader. His work is remarkable as an artistic resuscitation of a striking historical epoch; perhaps it is still better as a dramatic psychological record of individual human fates. Yet the main source of its charm lies still deeper; the subtly skeptical author makes the reader see in the catastrophes, enthusiasms, and sufferings which he describes just a new chapter of that eternal "human comedy" which always changes and always, at bottom, remains the same.

The world-wide epidemic of artistic biographies lately has attacked the Russian émigré writers, too. This is a development which the American publisher ought to watch. Indeed, the publishing house Sovremenniya Zapiski carry on the list of their forthcoming publications quite a few interesting items. Thus, M. Aldanov is to do a "Life of Dostoievsky"; a biography of Lermontov, the great Russian poet-romanticist of the nineteenth century, is to be written by Ivan Bunin, the best living master of Russian prose. Of the biographies which already have appeared, I will mention the "Life of Turgeniev" (*Zhizn Turgeneva*; Paris: Sovremenniya Zapiski, 1931) by Boris Zaitzev. It is a delightful book, containing probably the best portrait of Turgeniev (both of his bright and shady sides) which so far has been painted. Moreover, Zaitzev has found a tone so simple, fragrant, and unaffectedly graceful that the very essence of Turgeniev's lyricism and of the country-air of Spasskoye seem to live in it.

In the season's grist of memoirs, "The Theatrical Moscow" (*Teatralnaya Moskva*; Riga: Globus Publishers, 1931), by the late V. A. Nelidov, stands out. Its author, the son of a famous Russian diplomat, was not only a great lover of the theatre, but also, for forty years, one of the leading spirits of the Administration of Imperial Theatres in Moscow. It was thanks to him, by the way, that a tall, blind, clumsy looking lad, Fyodor Chaliapin by name, was admitted for the first time to the Imperial stage.

Nelidov's book is incomparable as a record of numberless stage careers, often strikingly dramatic, humorous, pathetic. From Possart and Rossi to Savina, he knew intimately literally all his outstanding theatrical contemporaries, and he tells his story, or stories, graphically and with keen humor. But that is not all to his book: it rouses and quickens one's love for the theatre with its complex problems. Moreover, Nelidov's talented pen is not concentrated on the theatre alone. For instance, there is in his book a long chapter on the Moscow of the 'nineties which is literally unforgettable. Tolstoy, Vladimir Solovyov, Prince Dolgorukov, the famous Governor of Moscow, the city's aristocratic homes, old type Russian merchant millionaires, and various other famous Muskovites are passed here in review. The originality, picturesqueness, and colorfulness of these people and of old Moscow's life in general are brought out by Nelidov with such talent that one is impressed and fascinated by every page. Indeed, to one who wants to know old Russia this chapter is a document as edifying and informative as is "War and Peace."

The literary spring crops in Soviet Russia have been considerably poorer in the course of this year than ever before. This is but natural. "Uncompromising socialism in literature" which, running parallel to the uncompromising socialism in economics, is now the slogan of the day, yields its sad fruit.

Communist critics — and there are practically no other critics in Moscow — insist more and more aggressively that fiction writers should write nothing but "production novels" and "collectivization farm novels." Indeed, even the best authors find themselves obliged to obey this "advice"—other forms of literature being accepted by nationalized publishing companies and monthlies but unwillingly,—and the market is flooded with such "Five Year Plan fiction." Usually, the subject of such works is, approximately, this: The Soviets decided to build a factory; lack of necessary materials, the dishonesty and "sabotage" of certain officials and engineers, and numberless other difficulties stood in the way; yet, thanks to the "proletarian enthusiasm" of workmen the factory was built. Needless to say, literature of this type usually is hopelessly dull and as dead as a governmental decree.

Yet, alongside of this literature, ordinary human novels still appear in Moscow, although in considerably reduced number. And, strange as it may be, it is exactly this year that has witnessed the appearance of a genuine masterpiece,—of, perhaps, the best work of fiction that has been written in Soviet Russia during these ten years. It is "Peter I" (Pyotr I; originally published by Noviy Mir in Moscow; reprinted in book form by the Petropolis Company in Berlin) by Alexey Tolstoy. As is known, this author (who is a distant relative of Leo Tolstoy) fled in 1919 from Russia, but later dropped his title, offered his apologies to the Soviets, and was readmitted to Moscow. He is a highly talented man, perhaps the most talented man in Moscow at the present time. "Peter I" surpasses by far his preceding novels. It resuscitates Peter the Great's personality and the whole spirit of eighteenth century Russia and of the Europeanization carried on by the great Emperor with such striking power and full-bloodedness that it can be described as one of the really remarkable novels of our time. So far, only its first volume has appeared.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.

Art

MODERN ART: WHY, WHAT, AND HOW. By HENRY RANKIN POORE. Putnams. 1931. $4.

This is a careful analysis of recent tendencies in painting and sculpture. The point of departure is reverence for the tradition and faith in certain general principles of art, which are still valid. Towards the modernistic painter the attitude is sceptical rather than unfriendly. We are constantly reminded that the various current "isms" pretty much reduce themselves to a lust for novelty on the part of critic and public, and an ambition for originality on the part of the artist. It is not difficult for Mr. Poore to show that such choices greatly impoverish the what and why of art while sorely exaggerating the how.

In short, the modernists' preoccupation with technique embodies itself quite casually, and the work usually has very slight content. The reviewer asks in this connection what posterity will think of our generation if its judges it by the radical painting and sculpture of the past twenty-five years. This vision may reinforce Mr. Poore's contention that modernism in art really has not met its own program of representing the modern spirit. It has represented rather esoteric fads and cults, and remains on trial.

The valuable contribution of modernism Mr. Poore finds to be simplification, a new symbolism, and freedom of color, for all of which of course there were abundant historic precedents. We have had to pass through much aberration and critical ballyhoo to achieve this modicum of progress. Indeed, as Mr. Poore points out, modernism would hardly have emerged emphatically except for the encouragement of a singularly uninformed and irresponsible criticism. Such is the argument worked out rather with caution and good sense than with brilliancy.

Biography

MRS. GASKELL AND HER FRIENDS. By ELIZABETH HALDANE. Appleton. 1931. $4.

Amid the sound and fury of the present avalanche of sensational biographies it is pleasant indeed to come upon the quiet and calm of Elizabeth Haldane's thoughtful life of Mrs. Gaskell. Elizabeth Gaskell was in no way a spectacular figure, and Miss Haldane is wisely content to paint her as she was with no forced effects of brilliance. To accept the subject just as found, to present it without apology, eulogy, or irony, is a task difficult of accomplishment for any enthusiastic biographer. But Miss Haldane manages this in the face of special temptations; the Victorian era is so easy to be amusing about in its stuffy decorum, or to be indignant over as an almost conscious suppressor of individuality.

Miss Haldane finds Mrs. Gaskell to be chiefly significant as one of those novelists "who, without aspiring to the highest place" in literature, yet enjoy a secure recognition "owing to the fact that they depict the life and times of their day not only with accuracy but also with distinction." From this point of departure the life of Mrs. Gaskell is spread out in sympathetic detail against the gray background of a period in which change was but faintly beginning to crack the dull surface with ominous prophecy. Mrs. Gaskell was aware of the grayness, she was also aware of the slow-coming change. Any woman in the mid-nineteenth century who attained prominence as did Mrs. Gaskell had to have something of the rebel in her below whatever "placid exterior." The inhibitions and repressions of Victorianism had to be circumvented in some way before a woman writer could come into her own. Mrs. Gaskell "conquered them . . . by being carried away by the sufferings of her fellow-beings in the 'Hungry 'Forties.'" She wrote first because she could not look upon the misery of the poor around her and do nothing about it. Later, after "having come into touch with the world as it is, she went on to see its beauties and its humors in a new way."

The calm life of Mrs. Gaskell had its most colorful flowering in its friendships. Recognizing this fact, Miss Haldane has given over three-fourths of her book to these relationships. Of the outstanding women of her period, Florence Nightingale, Charlotte Brontë, Mme. Mohl, and the Winkworth sisters were all friends of Mrs. Gaskell. There are a number of hitherto unpublished letters in this section and much other new material. But in the end it is not what is new, but the peaceful completeness of the life recorded that marks this biography. A book of kindly sanity, with charm as well as information, "Mrs. Gaskell and Her Friends" should find its place beside Miss Haldane's earlier "George Eliot and Her Friends" on the unhurried reader's bookshelf.

Fiction

SALUTE TO HEAVEN. By MANFRED HAUSMANN. Knopf. 1931. $2.50.

Lampion is a philosophic tramp wandering the roads of Germany. He listens to the soft patter of rain in the river below the bridge, delighting in its music. A cigarette made of toilet paper and the crumbs of tobacco from his otherwise empty pocket, complete his ease in a warm railway station. His meanderings bring him to Butzbach because he likes the *tz*. He remembers Rosengarten for its soft-eyed girls. Sitting beneath a gallows he exchanges food and smutty stories with another as weatherbeaten and content as himself. . . . This little volume translated from the German is a series of the stories Lampion hears and sees along the byways. His own excitement is contagious. Whether it is the adventure of people he casually watches, or the stories they tell him, the warm, eager outsider gets all the poignancy. There is the smell of damp earth along the roadways, the small, familiar movements of people believing themselves unseen, the sounds of Nauheim as differentiated from the sounds of Heidelberg. He gives a close-up of Germany that is intimate, detailed, and unexpectedly delightful.

The author is an ex-soldier wounded in the Marne—one who has lived through the war, through mark inflation and its wild vagaries, through unemployment and present-day depression. Whether in reality or in imagination, he seems to identify himself with the wandering Lampion. Firmly he puts despair behind him and enjoys the least of life's joys. After the battles of nations and the hopeless lethargy of the new generation, he reduces life to its simplest terms and enjoys it. In his hands it seems to be as sensible a solution as any.

RAGGED BANNERS: A Novel with an Index. By ETHEL MANNIN. Knopf. 1931. $2.50.

It would be easy to make fun of this novel, in fact parts of it seem to cry aloud for parody. The hero, Anthony Starridge, is a preposterous creature, a strangely beautiful Oxford man, with a mind of white fire—a paranoiac, incidentally, if ever there was one. The other principal characters, Mary Thane, woman novelist— "a transpontine Aldous Huxley with a touch of Michael Arlen"— and the dark, sardonic (only he never succeeds in being sardonic, merely rude) Lattimer, belong to the cheap bohemiam writing-crowd of London. Existence, apparently, is supported on loans from friends and relations and occasional contributions to ephemeral magazines; but ah, how sophisticated, how epigrammatic, how disillusioned they all are. They loaf, they travel, they despise the gross bourgeoisie, they get drunk, they crash each other's parties, they have brain-storms, they are mighty frank and free— and promiscuous —in sex matters, and the blessed words "sadistic" "masochism" and "homesexual" drop easily from their lips, for, above all, they talk—Lord, *how* they talk!

Yet, through all the conscious cleverness and the bad taste, and underneath the ostentation of world-weariness, a joy in mere living and a glorious love for the beauty of the earth keep bubbling up like a fountain of sweet water in a stable. Some of the descriptions of the Italian scenes and of spots in Germany—Cologne, Frankfurt, a castle on the Rhine—in sheer glowing loveliness will stand comparison with anything in recent literature, for these descriptions are not mere descriptions, they are emotional experience, the fire of which is strong enough to warm the reader's imagination also. In the treatment of love the same contradiction shows. On the one hand, a cheap, and often indecent, cynicism—"a woman never looks at a man without dimly seeing a bed in the background," black depression, and the marriage-is-a-tragedy, child-bearing-is-brutal attitude, yet on the other, love scenes drawn with knowledge and sympathy, and even tenderness.

Altogether, "Ragged Banners" is a strangely contradictory mixture of a book; at once beautiful and deliberately nasty, fantastic and realistic, wise and futile. But there is one unmixed good about it—it improves steadily towards the end, in strength, in naturalness, and in story value. In fact, it is not too much to say that if the English and the Italian scenes were as good as the German ones, pervaded by the wanton, red-haired Wanda and the cheery, pagan *wandervogel* Max, we should go near to having a very worthwhile book.

AMOK. By STEFAN ZWEIG. Viking. 1931. $1.50.

Behind the steaming green curtains of the jungles of the East, dark and horrible things happen. The loneliness, the heat, the moisture, rot out the sense of decency and the character of the white man who is isolated as doctor, as missionary, or as magistrate, among the swamps and forests of a tropical dependency. He too often decays into something lower than the blacks or browns by whom he is surrounded.

In "Amok" we have a harsh, bitter picture of such a degradation. After eight years of drink-sodden, soul-destroying deterioration in a Dutch East-Indian colony, a German doctor comes to the point of insanity. When a white woman appeals to him for help in her desperate need, he tries to exact an infamous price. The result is a tragedy of the most pitiful and horrible sort.

When this short work first appeared in Germany, it was received with a chorus of praise. In the original there must undoubtedly have been something — some vigor, some beauty of phrase, some grace of language, some intangible value which has evaporated in process of translation; for, as it stands, it is vivid, it is strong, but it is thoroughly unpleasant from the first page to the last. As we have it here, it practically amounts to the detailed description of a pathological case, with nothing added to lift it from the category of medical instance into relation with everyday human life; while the machinery of the story—a long, midnight confession on the dark deck of a small tropical steamship—is antiquated and cumbersome. In fact, in the heaviness of the whole thing and its deliberate and determinated horror there is something essentially medieval and Teutonic. And the question naturally comes to mind, why, or whether, it is really necessary to import pathological literature—even when bearing an illustrious name.

BY ROCKET TO THE MOON. By OTTO WILLI GAIL. Sears. 1931. $2.50.

Be warned, this is a one-sitting book, an unlayable down book, a detective story into space. It has a serious introduction wherein Mr. Gail admits that this flight, he hopes, will some day take place. He cautions against that "fruitless and often prematurely spoken word 'impossible.'" And he quotes, not from Columbus, but from Professor Oberth of the Association for Cosmic Research. This at least puts one in an expectant mood.

And there are no disappointments. The start, where Tommy Bighead, a reporter, meets a man outside Detroit and is handed a bottle of beer, may sound commonplace; but the bottle was wrapped in a Munich newspaper dated the evening before. That kindles you. The man had of course come over from Germany that morning by rocket. He had, equally of course, come for funds. The Detroiter knows how to raise the money desired to construct a spaceship for touring the universe. It is built before one's eyes. Agog with the novelty and scientific exactness of it all, you enter the skyship and take off, comet-wise, for the moon.

Exceptionally interesting chapters follow: "The Earth in Perspective," "Sunrise in the Universe," "The Mysterious Satellite." Very likely the discoveries on the moon are based on telescopic findings rather than Mr. Gail's fancy, though doubtless the fragment of Atlantis was his happy thought. The entire trip fascinated us, and we came down to earth with a thud, though not a dull one. We wish Mr. Gail would take us to Mars.

DEEP EVENING. By EUGENE LORHKE. New York: Cape Smith. 1931. $2.

This novel has unusual dramatic intensity. It is a story of a mingled and rather pathetic group of people brought together by accident on a liner that sinks in mid-ocean. Each individual has his own tragic problem, and all problems converge and are more or less related in the final tragedy of the ship. It is a psychological story of character in spite of its seemingly melodramatic plot.

(*Continued on next page*)

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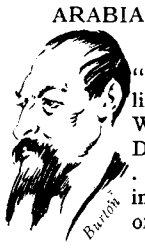

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Twelve internationally famous scientists and clergymen contribute their opinions to this book. Among them are A. S. Eddington, Dean Inge, Julian Huxley, and L. P. Jacks. The foreword is by Michael Pupin. E. F. Edgett, in the *Boston Transcript*, says the book affords "a decidedly intellectual stimulus . . . it will stir any reader either to violent agreement or disagreement."
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The New Books

Miscellaneous

(*Continued from preceding page*)

THE MOUND-BUILDERS: A Reconstruction of the Life of a Prehistoric American Race. By HENRY CLYDE SHETRONE. Appleton. 1930. $7.50.

After long waiting, an authoritative book on the Mound Area of the United States has appeared. Stretching roughly from the western bank of the Mississippi River to the Appalachian Mountains is an area covered with mounds and earthworks of many shapes and types, erected for various purposes but centering mainly on burial and religious rites.

The classic memoir on the Mound area (Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, Noah Webster, DeWitt Clinton, and William Henry Harrison all wrote on it) appeared in 1848, Squier and Davis's "Ancient Monuments of the Mississippi Valley." Since that time the literature has been constantly increasing, but important and authoritative works are surprisingly few on this subject. This area has been a happy hunting ground for the curio collector, the dilettante, the "natural historian," and the theorist. It seems difficult to establish the fact that no mysterious Mound Builder Race formerly held sway over all the central part of our country and that they did not disappear as mysteriously as they came, perhaps to Mexico. With the exception of the so-called Hopewell culture in Ohio and the upper Mississippi Valley, most of the earthworks may be identified with the ancestors of definite historic Indian tribes. The author of the present work is not ready to include the Ohio mounds in the same category as "early Indian."

Mr. Shetrone gives separate chapters to the distribution, the architecture and engineering, the life of the ancient peoples, the forms of burial, and their artistic achievements, together with a discussion of the most important centers of mound-building activity. The book is well illustrated and should serve as an acceptable handbook of an archæological province not properly covered in any other work. The many problems of the Mound Area cannot be definitely settled until modern archæological research can be extended over the entire area.

MARINERS OF BRITANNY. By PETER F. ANSON. Dutton. 1931. $3.75.

This book beautifully illustrated by line drawings is essentially a travel book but with more fabric of history and close personal observation than is usual in such books. It has an appendix on the personnel of the Breton fisherman and other specific information about their trade. It is indeed a real reference book for the fisherman of Brittany as well as a companion book for the travelers there.

VANISHED FLEETS. By A. J. VILLIERS. Holt. 1931. $3.50.

The author of two stirring and celebrated tales of deep-water voyages has here turned historian and recorded the maritime adventures of the antipodal island of Tasmania. Unless one's interest in bygone ships and shipping is particularly keen the result is bound to be a little disappointing. Facts and figures, even though displayed in the words of a seaman-writer who knows his business, have a dispiriting way of remaining facts and figures. They lack the personal experience and the intimate sensation which place "Falmouth for Orders" and "By Way of Cape Horn" so conspicuously in the forefront of nautical annals.

"Vanished Fleets" makes the best, however, of assembling from local sources the story of the convict ships, the girl ships, the whalers, and the clippers of the stormy little island, and though the temptation is almost inescapable, the book should not be judged in comparison with its predecessors from Mr. Villiers's able pen. It competently fills a gap in the historical literature of the sea and so makes a place for itself in any nautical library.

WE IMPERIALISTS. By *Cargill Spritsma.* Columbia University Press. $.50.

THE POLITICAL STATUS OF BESSARABIA. By *Andrei Popovici.* Washington: Ransdell. $3.

BATTLING THE CRIME WAVE. By *Harry Elmer Barnes.* Stratford. $2.

PLAIN ENGLISH. By *Edward Hodnett* and *Minnie S. Keyes.* Ronald Press. $2.

A SHORTER COURSE IN ORGANIC CHEMISTRY. By *J. C. Colbert.* Century. $3.60.

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Points of View

In Defense of "Massacre"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir:

Heretofore I have never thought it advisable for an author to argue with his reviewer, but when a critic has deliberately misrepresented his facts and has challenged them without substantiation I believe an author is justified in a rejoinder. Under such circumstances the reviewer is no longer a judicial critic but an opponent of his thesis and a defender of the opposition.

I refer specifically to Mary Austin's review of "Massacre" in your May 16th issue. I know that Mrs. Austin has been interested in the Indian for some time, but that interest has been essentially cultural. "Massacre" deals primarily with the political and economic status of today's Indian.

Mrs. Austin asserts that "nothing can excuse Mr. Gessner for failure to acknowledge more candidly the recent gains in raising the appropriation for feeding the school children." I refer Mrs. Austin to pages 157 and 158 wherein it is stated that the "Indian Bureau officials say the layout will allow an expenditure of between thirty-five and thirty-six cents per day per child. This will allow the Indian child to get more to eat than he has ever had before, but yet his rations will be five cents a day lower than the minimum health subsistence standard set up by the Detroit Visiting Housekeeping Association. . . . The Indian Bureau has never yet achieved the most necessary diet drawn up by the Interior Department's own home economics staff as the standard requirements for the growing Indian child." What could be more candid than this?

Mrs. Austin is of the opinion that I have "deliberately overlooked other agencies of relief." There is only one other organization of any formidable size and influence besides the American Indian Defense Association, against which Mrs. Austin has a curious antipathy, and that is the Indian Rights Association of Philadelphia. I again refer Mrs. Austin to the text itself, page 115, wherein the attitude of the Indian Rights Association toward the present administration is disclosed. Mrs. Austin is no fool. She knows that the "present Administration" was formerly president and treasurer of the Rights agency. The Rights's attack on "Massacre" was merely continuing its policy as the official apologist for the Bureau, a job which it maintained even under the discredited Burke and Meritt.

Mrs. Austin is interestingly contradictory in her attack. After giving a brief résumé of the scandalous activity of the Bureau she states in italics that "you know it." Four paragraphs later she deplores "the immense share that stupid ignorance plays in our treatment of them (the Indians)."

Mrs. Austin claims that the arts and crafts of the Southwest tribes "has been heartily seconded by that Administration." She apparently does not know that the opposition of the administration to the Arts and Crafts Bill was the cause of its defeat in Congress. In a conference I had last Spring with Commissioner Rhoads he described the bill as "a monopoly." As an artist of repute Mrs. Austin must certainly disagree with the administration; art is essentially monopolistic. Nobody but Indians can produce Indian arts and crafts.

Finally, Mrs. Austin believes that I have "also been unfair to the present Administration" and that of my "direct attack upon the conduct of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, one can only say that it seems somewhat beside the mark." I wish to draw Mrs. Austin's attention again to the book itself and have her inspect pages 112-113 and 410-411. Mary Austin's reputation as a friend of the Indian should not allow her to apologize now for the record therein summarized. In her own beloved Southwest, after the administration had reëstablished flogging of Indian children, it supported the floggers and dismissed from the Service those who protested. Does Mrs. Austin apologize for this Robespierrian procedure?

ROBERT GESSNER.

New York City.

Viereck's Work

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir:

My good friend Louis Untermeyer, reviewing my good friend George Sylvester Viereck's "lyric autobiography," indulges in a bit of spoofing which will be more apparent to Mr. Viereck, and to old-timers like myself, than to the general public.

"My Flesh and Blood" is essentially a collection of the author's poems. If that author were a staid, conventional person, the book would have been frigidly entitled "Collected Poems of George Sylvester Viereck." But Viereck is not staid and conventional; whatever he may consider himself, I have long insisted that he is Puck reborn. This he demonstrated in his preface and notes to "The Candle and the Flame." In the present volume, not only are his poems gathered together, but the prefaces and notes referred to, and others published in the past, are reproduced or made the basis for new essays in wit and effrontery.

Now, Louis Untermeyer has long been familiar with Viereck's poetry and Viereck's prose annotations of his poetry. The spoofing of your readers consists in his pretence of naive and displeased surprise, as if he now came upon these things for the first time, and coming upon them, finds them incomprehensible and reprehensible. This pretence, combined with certain quotations of passages in which Viereck refers to the sensational effect produced by certain of his compositions years ago, produces the same effect, though more subtly, as if Untermeyer were to write, "Here is a pretender; we examine his pretensions and find them hollow."

The fact is that "My Flesh and Blood" is a book that deserves review in a serious spirit precisely because it is the gathering together of the work of a poet whose reputation in the past, and influence upon American poetry, are part of modern American literary history. One may, of course, conclude that the work so gathered fails to assay high. One may also believe that modern poetry on the whole has followed other courses than that marked out for it by Viereck. I believe that, and have told Viereck so; "so much the worse for modern poetry," he replied. But that Viereck was the liberator of American poetry from the puritan mode is undeniable. It seems to me a narrow procedure to scoff at his work because his titles are purple, his lines lush, musical, barbaric in color. If poetry in the past decade has turned its back on all that, who knows but that poetry in the coming decade may return to it—may return to Viereck? Better, it seems to me—no idolator of Viereck's work—to recognize that in its manner it often has tremendous power. Better also not to be too solemn about the audacious prose notes.

SHAEMAS O'SHEEL.

New York City.

Roger Casement

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir:

The recent letter of Mr. T. St. John Gaffney merits a reply. He objects to the following statement from my review of Denis Gwynn's book on Sir Roger Casement:

> In his desperation he (Casement) sent two Irish-American friends to reveal the situation to Grey and Asquith in London.

He attempts to establish the following points: that the author could not be "guilty" of such a statement, that it was probably an invention of the reviewer, but that "no such charge has been made by Casement's most bitter enemies, and it is absolutely without foundation." Mr. Gaffney then suggests that the subject is adequately treated in his own book, "Breaking the Silence."

Mr. Gwynn relates with considerable detail Casement's attempt to get information to Grey and Asquith through his two Irish-American friends and speaks of "the unspeakable anguish which crossed Casement's face" when he discovered that his two friends who had gone from Berlin with the letters had changed their minds at the last moment and had returned. The episode is not an invention of Mr. Gwynn's, who based his account upon a wealth of personal information and upon Casement's own diaries. The complete diaries of Casement were not published by his friend Dr. Charles E. Curry in his "Sir Roger Casement: Seine Mission nach Deutschland und die Findlay-Affaire" (Munich, 1922), but important serialized extracts were published in the *Irish Independent* (Dublin) during April 1922. As I now vaguely remember those extracts (and I know of no file of the *Independent* available in New York and regret that I cannot refresh my impressions), Mr. Gwynn did not have to call upon Casement's most bitter enemies, but found the materials in Casement's own diaries. Mr. Gaffney's inferred charge of hostility to Casement is unjust to Mr. Gwynn and to myself; the absurdity of the suggestion ought to be evident to any reader of either the book or the review.

I had seen Mr. Gaffney's book when it was first published; at his own suggestion I have just reread it. He devotes some twenty pages (chapters xii and xv) to a discussion of Casement's attitude "as told to me by himself." And in his recent letter he states that Casement believed the munitions and guns supplied by the Germans to be "insufficient." If by this adjective Mr. Gaffney has attempted to describe Casement's impassioned denunciation of Germany's betrayal of Ireland I can only conclude that he understood little of Casement or of his attitude. In no respect does "Breaking the Silence" challenge the authority or contribute to Mr. Gwynn's work: the one is the effusion of an enthusiastic patriot, the other the restrained analysis of a sympathetic scholar. Mr. Gaffney and Casement should have understood each other better, for they had much in common: George V., according to their own accounts, pursued them both, Casement through Findlay, the British Minister at Christiania, and Mr. Gaffney through Woodrow Wilson, who dismissed him from his post as consul-general in Munich in October 1915. It is concerning this matter that Mr. Gaffney "breaks the silence," but not concerning Casement.

FRANK MONAGHAN.

New York University.

"When Hector Was a Pup"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

In the May 23rd *Saturday Review* Violet Coën asks you about the phrase "Since Hector was a Pup." It seems probable that the phrase grew up around H. C. Bunner's "Hector"—the story of a pup that matured with a new and more appropriate name. The story is to be found in "Short Sixes."

GERARD E. JENSEN.

New London, Conn.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety per cent of the inquiries received cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply by mail.

H. G. R., Yonkers, N. Y., needs information on the romance of bells, with their folklore and place in history.

A LARGE and lovely book on this lovely and far from little subject has been lately published by Dodd, Mead: "Carillon Music and Singing Towers of the Old World and the New," by W. G. Rice. This edition is a new issue of a standard work, with material so new it includes the famous and practically inaudible chimes of the Riverside Church, which disturb the slumber of no Sabbath sleeper in my neighborhood. Our local architectural pride is this tower—I wonder if anyone has noticed its likeness to the Boston Stump under whose shadow John Cotton preached. The American material in Mr. Rice's book will be especially interesting to this inquirer. A smaller and less expensive book, full of good things, is Mrs. Satis Coleman's "Bells" (Rand). Beyond this I have had to depend on periodicals, and I have more than once looked up this subject for enthusiasts—indeed, I have had a certain enthusiasm of my own since the day, a good long while ago it was, that I was permitted to play a tune upon the bells of a church in Medford, Mass.; I remember it was a bright June day and I played the "Lenten Hymn" for reasons apparent to anyone who plays with one finger, and it took the regular campanologist some time to live it down.

M. A. W., Fort Wayne, Ind., needs several books of excerpts from standard writers such as Dickens, Scott, Defoe, Swift, for a club of boys whose leader wants to read these stories aloud and does not wish to make his own selection.

THERE are not a few well-chosen selection-books whose contents include passages from standard writers; one of the latest is "Junior Literature" (Macmillan), a three-volume set of what I would have called readers had I been provided with them when I went to school, but much less strictly pedagogical than readers were at that period: I have been reading aloud from this set and found the longer selections especially good for this purpose. "Modern Literature for Oral Interpretation," an unusually good collection for recitation, made by Gertrude E. Johnson (Century), has been recently issued in a revised edition that makes it even better than before; I would add this to your equipment, though the selections are from contemporary writers and most of them are American. This adds a number of well-chosen reading-lists, and reading-lists round out another book you will find helpful, "Story-Telling to Live-Wire Boys," by George Tasker Miller (Dutton), which was prepared for Boy Scouts and seems to cover every use to which story-telling may be put for the young. Scenes from Dickens, arranged for boys to give without scenery or costume (or with both if they so desire), are in the "Form-Room Plays" of which several series are to be found in "The King's Treasuries of Literature," little books published here by Dutton for forty-five cents apiece. These pretty red-and-gold volumes, young brothers to "Everyman's Library," should be more generally known in this country for use in connection with school work; they are for the most part selections from longer works or short books complete, covering the range of English literature but not tiring to an inexperienced reader. I know none of these answers is just what this inquirer wants; perhaps some other reader will know a book made up of selections from the classics. If you want inspirational biography to read aloud, an excellent set of sketches is "Greatness Passing By," by Hulda Niebuhr (Scribner).

D. M. Y., Warren, Ohio, is to take over the supervision of a high school paper that will no doubt rely to some extent upon reproduction and reprint. Is there a book with copyright law that would cover needs of this sort?

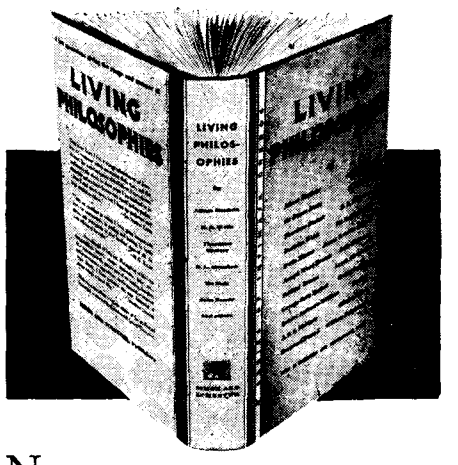
IN "Writing for Profit," by Donald Wilhelm (McGraw-Hill), Mrs. Frances W. Marshall, formerly assistant editor of *St. Nicholas*, says: "About the reprinting of copyrighted material there is no conclusive and universal rule save the Golden Rule, which here implies, in every instance, full credit to author, periodical, or publisher for the use of anything written by another, either in whole or in part. In newspaper work, however, exceptions are made to this rule," which are here explained. This is in one of a number of questionnaire-reports from well-known editors and other writers, on which this book is based; information about copyright is in several of the other replies, and the book would be generally useful for this high school's library. So would "Copy!" by D. H. Hoover (Crowell), called a handbook for reporters, and so up-to-date that in spots it makes me shiver. "Journalistic Vocations," by Charles Elkins Rogerd (Appleton), is another book you should have; it will inform any member of the class who hopes to carry over his experience on his school paper into the field of journalism in general, as to positions connected with editorial work, advertising, circulation, free lancing, publicity, and odd jobs, and what it has to say is sound, concise, and exhilarating (if you are already infected with newspaper fever). "Magazine Article Writing," by Ernest Brennecke Jr., and Donald L. Clark (Macmillan), tells how to plan, write, and even sell this material; I should think it would also be useful in school work, for I cannot see why informative essays prepared for the classroom should not be made worth reading or listening to. I lately printed here a list of books especially for high school journalism, to which these manuals might well be added.

L. B., Fresno, Calif., is looking for material in fiction that will give high school students, in interesting fashion, knowledge of changing processes in manufacturing, selling, transporting, and trade: for instance, Wells's "History of Mr. Polly," the shop in Bennett's "Old Wives' Tale," or an African Fair as shown in the diary of David Cornbell.

THERE is opportunity here for the collaboration of Guide readers; I will start off the list with a few that have kept me closely interested as much in the trade or process involved as in the fortunes of the people concerned. "Brunel's Tower," by Eden Phillpotts (Macmillan), kept me furiously interested in the processes of pottery; it was one of a series on industries of England of which I recall besides only "The Green Alleys" (Macmillan), bearing, as one might imagine, upon the delights of hop-raising. Nexö's "Pelle the Conqueror" (Holt) is not only a grand book for shoemaking but worthy the name it has won as a "prose epic of labor" in general. The large establishment that we call a dry-goods store is shown in every aspect and in amazing detail in Granville Barker's English play "Madras House," where the "living-in" system enters; it may be debatable for young readers in school, but there is no question as to its merit for mature ones. "Nine to Six," by the Stuarts, is a recent English play that goes to the centre of the dressmaking business, around whose edges Dickens did but play in "Nickleby." If there is anything left untold about London restaurant trade and technique in "Adam's Breed," by Radclyffe Hall (Doubleday, Doran), I have yet to hear of it, and a fine novel it is too. Pierre Hamp wrote a series of novels on trades in France; I remember the one on perfumery, which was called, I think, "Cantiques des Cantiques," but none of these has been translated; this novel had the irritating trick (used also by Blasco Ibáñez) of involving a trade too closely with the amatory adventures of the leading characters. Women in offices were given their chance in fiction by Sinclair Lewis in "The Job" (Harcourt, Brace), and by Charles Norris in "Bread" (Dutton); in England there is a good glimpse of office routine in "Rustle of Spring," by Claire Cameron (Doran), a gentle but strong autobiography of London youth in poor streets to which I find myself often returning. The routine of the office also figures in Swinnerton's "Young Felix" (Doran). The woollen industry has its spokesman in fiction in André Maurois, whose at-least-partly autobiographical romance, "Bernard Quesnay" (Appleton), shows the ups and downs of such a factory for some time past, and after the war.

If you want something to make early colonial industries come alive and stay so for young people or old, get "When Antiques Were Young," by Marion Nicholl Rawson (Dutton), which has just come to complete her series of books on early American social customs of which the preceding one was "Country Auction" (Dutton). It seems all but incredible that so much miscellaneous information could be jammed into one book and keep from packing solid.

Living Philosophies BY



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The Gossip Shop

By RACHEL FIELD

THE Newbery Medal was awarded last month at a special meeting of the American Library Association in New Haven, to Elizabeth Coatsworth for "The Cat Who Went to Heaven," a book we have been rooting for since it first appeared last Fall. This is the third year that a Macmillan publication has been selected as "the most distinguished contribution to American literature for children," and we think this is a special tribute to the Juvenile Department of that Company and to Louise Seaman, who heads it. From her we have learned of the New Haven meetings, particularly those arranged by the School and Children's Library groups. Mary Gould Davis of New York and Miss Witmer of the Library School of Columbia were the chairmen of these two sections, and it was Miss Davis who made the presentation of the Newbery Medal in the old Battelle Chapel of the University. Miss Coatsworth (accompanied by her husband, Mr. Henry Beston, also an author of several successful children's books) made a charming speech of acceptance, ending with a poem written in the manner of the verse in the prize-winning book. A tea was given in her honor by the New Haven Children's Bookshop, as well as a formal dinner that evening at the Hotel Taft. Here Miss Davis again introduced the winner, who described picturesquely her wanderings in the Orient some years before, out of which came the inspiration for this recreation of the beautiful Japanese legend. Every year we are more and more impressed by the foresight and generosity of this award of Frederick Melcher's, who surely deserves a medal on his own account for being the first to realize that children's books of calibre should be given critical recognition. We intend to design a special one for him some day, even if it cannot be cast in bronze.

Miss Anne Carroll Moore is another who deserves one. She is at present in Utah, lecturing on her special line at the State University, where she gave a course one summer several years ago. Her third volume of criticism apropos children's books, will be out this fall on the list of Coward-McCann. In it will reappear various articles, verse, and decorations from the Sunday page she edited in the *Herald Tribune Books* for some years past under the heading of "The Three Owls."

May Massee of Doubleday, Doran Junior Books is back from a spring trip abroad. We listened with envy the other night to an account of her various and sundry junketings from Naples to London, with Holland, Germany, and what-not in between. And now Josiah Titzell of Brewer, Warren, and Putnam is back from England with tales that fill us with envy, or would if we were not ourselves about to take to the Post Road and so on to the State of Maine.

From Portland comes the news that Hope Davis Greely of the Loring, Short, and Harmon book department will now be associated with the Portland Book Shop under the Columbia Hotel on Congress Street. She will act as director of a Junior Book Department.

Peggy Bacon, artist and author, sailed recently for several months in Europe with her husband, Alexander Brook, artist and winner of a 1931 Guggenheim Fellowship. Her delightful book about present-day children, "The Terrible Nuisance," was a spring choice of the Junior Literary Guild, and on the lists of Harcourt, Brace.

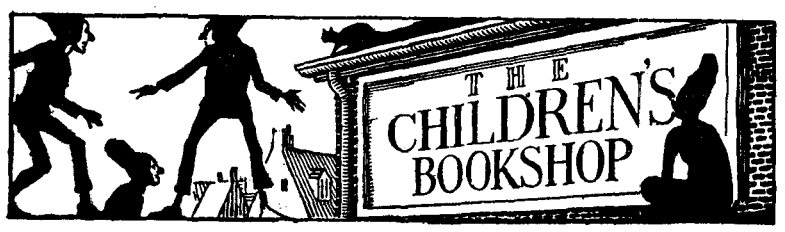
Two picture books we have recently received are: "Summer under the Pignut Tree," written and illustrated by the Hadders, Berta and Elmer, and published by Alfred A. Knopf for very young readers, and "Johnny Penguin" from Doubleday, Doran. The latter is the gay product of the two Bryan sisters, Dorothy and Marguerite. Dorothy writes the text and Marguerite does the pictures of those drollest of all creatures, who waddle so humanly in their black and white dress-suits. It is a very pleasant picture book and puts us in mind of Roland Young's couplet on penguins in his volume entitled, "Not for Children":

The Little Penguins are so nice
God keeps these little birds on ice.

Being the possessor of some three hundred odd facsimile penguins, not to mention the hundreds he has drawn on paper, we consider Mr. Young has more or less of a corner on the penguin market, although "Paddlewings" from the Macmillan Company only goes to prove that this species is really coming into its own along with Scottie dogs.

We have been fascinated by a privately printed copy of "Historic Child Rhymes," by Dwight Edwards Martin, wherein Mr. Martin, who is also the author, describes in detail the origin and development of many of the most common sayings and rhymes, Mother Goose and others. It was interesting to learn how such a superstition as the "picking up a pin" one and others began. Although the text bears the rather terrifying name "monograph" on its title page, the material is presented simply and in a most readable style. We recommend it for teachers and others who like to follow up old customs and rhymes. A few copies may be had of the author-publisher, Dwight E. Marvin, 55 Fernwood Road, Summit, N. J., at two dollars.

Farrar & Rinehart have just brought out a sumptuous reissue of Parkman's "Oregon Trail" with many black and white illustrations from the vigorous pen of James Dougherty. There is an introduction by Mark Van Doren. We think it a good time in this day of airplanes, radios, and speedboats to be reminded of this particular phase of American life, and of one who, as Mr. Van Doren puts it, "knew the prairies and mountains before irresistible commonplace had subdued them."



Conducted by MARION PONSONBY

Reviews

A SLAVE OF CATILINE. By PAUL L. ANDERSON. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1930. $2.00

Reviewed by CATHERINE WOODBRIDGE

IT is a rare boy or girl that will of himself find romance in Cicero's Orations. Rhetoric is peculiarly remote from modern childhood, and recorded oratory always lacks those essential components of a speech —the personality and voice of the speaker and the occasion itself. Without those living elements it is no wonder that the "Orations against Catiline" remain dead and distressingly difficult exercises in grammar.

But Paul L. Anderson again provides the antidote. "A Slave of Catiline" does for Cicero what "With the Eagles" has already done for Cæsar. And this is no coated pill. It is first of all an exciting story. Told autobiographically, it opens with the capture of a fisher lad by the pirate Gaza, and plunges him into a whole series of events that involve the very destiny of Rome. He comes into contact with all the chief figures of the period and watches the machinery of government dealing with the threat of civil war.

The author's intention is, of course, to give the setting of the Catiline Orations. There is a great deal of necessary information to be conveyed to a modern child before he can feel at home in the period or have any sense of the importance of the issues. Instead of halting the narrative with tedious explanations, Mr. Anderson solves the difficulty by making his hero a newcomer himself. Sold by Gaza to a trainer of gladiators, he spends his first two years fighting in the arena. Then he is bought by Catiline himself as his chief of bodyguard just as the conspiracy is being planned. Thus Tiberius is first of all on the side of the rebellion. This device of entering the story by the book way is dramatically effective. We are thoroughly oriented in the situation before Cicero appears. So we need not take him for granted, but see him first as a particularly homely and awkward man and then discover a most musical voice. Finally we are surprised into admiration of his eloquence and statesmanship. The author has prepared in advance the motivation for his hero's change of sides, but it seems the more plausible because we come upon it slowly.

Mr. Anderson has evidently steeped himself in the history and literature of the period so as to have at his command a complete picture of its life. His gift lies not so much in picturesqueness of style as in the use of telling detail. And his portrait of Catiline is sympathetic and convincing. It conveys not only insight into character but a useful bit of lore as to Roman customs as well. But Mr. Anderson's achievement is more than a careful piecing together of archæological details. By means of a progressive and thoroughly absorbing story he has given an authentic glimpse of the real implication of the words *cives Romanes.*

Erratum

The *Saturday Review* regrets that through an oversight a note on the Newbery medal was printed last week in which proof corrections had not been made. Its content reappears in Miss Field's "Gossip Shop."

LITTLE EAGLE: A STORY OF INDIAN LIFE. By THERESE O. DEMING and EDWIN W. DEMING. New York: Laidlaw Bros. 1931. 90 cents.

THE INDIANS IN WINTER CAMP: A STORY OF INDIAN LIFE. The same. 1931. $1.

Reviewed by ARNOLD GESELL
Yale University

THESE two little volumes for young America embarking on the pioneer task of reading are unique. They are unique in text, in their copious colorful illustrations, and in their authorship. Was the text built about the water color paintings of Mr. Deming, or were the pictures formed about the diary of Mrs. Deming, written while she lived for years in intimate contact with various tribes of Indians? It matters not; because both text and illustrations suggest nothing but sincerity, forthrightness, and authenticity.

In the fulness of years to produce a primer which will charm a young child is an achievement that needs some explanation. Over seventy years ago Edwin W. Deming was himself something of a Little Eagle, for he had been brought by his pioneering parents to Geneseo on the prairie of western Illinois, where his first playmates were little red Winnebagoes. The boy Deming learned to love them as brothers, for he sat around their camp fires and shared their games and sports. At twelve he shot a big gray wolf and brought him home on his pony.

But he also liked to draw and model, using creek mud and house paints to serve his urge. At twenty he made sketches of Poncas, Osages, Otoes, Pawnees, and other tribes, in their earth lodges and buffalo skin tepees. Thence to the Art Students' League in New York City and the Beaux Arts in Paris,—and back to the Apaches of the Southwest, the Umitillas in Oregon, the Sioux and the Crows on the Little Big Horn. For a half century he has been making studies which in their entirety constitute an irreplaceable delineation of the life of the American Indian. They portray the mystical and the spiritual aspects of the Indian, but with fidelity to the concrete details of his everyday living. These artistic qualities of realism and of sympathetic interpretation characterize the water color illustrations of the Indian Life books. The perception and imagination of the young readers will be stirred. Such pictures will prevent the vanishing race from vanishing altogether.

Text and illustrations are well combined. The sentences are crisp and meaty, and avoid the rapidity which is so common in primers of "the-boy-has-a-hat" type. The sentences proceed with artless directness. They have sequence; they build up an informing story of Indian life without resorting to fictitious plot or artificial rhetorical trimmings. It is evidently possible to write sensibly for the young child without resorting to fantastic simplifications and exciting inventions. The authors are content to let the facts of Indian family life tell their own story. Reinforced by pictorial context the story takes on genuine substance. The reader learns how the Indian made his tepee, moccasin, axe, cake of dried meat and crushed wild cherries, and a travois (if you do not know what a travois is, consult page 28 of "Little Eagle").

"Little Eagle" is written in seriated sentences. In the succeeding volume, entitled "The Indians in Winter Camp," sentences give way to paragraphs. The text is slightly more mature (so is Eagle himself); and the illustrations interestingly reflect this increase in maturity. They are more complex; have more perspective, more setting. The chapters deal with such advanced themes as "Eagle and His Friends," "On the Trail," "Winter Comes," "Capturing Wild Animals," "Playing Games," "The Winter Count," etc.

Again the reader, be he man or child, is sure to get revealing glimpses into the modes, the moods, and patterns of Indian existence. These books are not as simple as their unpretentious schoolbook format might suggest. They could emerge only from a rich, sincere background of intimate experience with Indian life.

No man or woman can again have that experience. The old Great West is no more. Indians who themselves have looked on E. W. Deming's paintings have wistfully sensed that these pictures would soon be the surviving embodiments of the spirit of the red race. In an age of material expansion, it was the high task of the artist to create such embodiments; for the children of today cannot sit near the camp fires of the Winnebagoes. But they may read the Deming's books and gaze upon the water color smoke that curls out through the top of the tepee.

More Worlds to Conquer

HOW THE WORLD BEGAN. By EDITH HEAL. Drawings by DAN NELSON. Chicago: Thomas S. Rockwell Co. 1931. $1.25.

HOW THE WORLD GREW UP. By GRACE KINER. Drawings by KATHLEEN FRANTZ. The same.

THE WORLD OF ANIMALS. By MARY BOWEN STEPHENSON. Drawings by DAN NELSON. The same.

THE GARDEN OF THE WORLD. By JANET MCGILL. Drawings by ELECTRA PAPADOPOULOS. The same.

Reviewed by HAROLD WARD

HERE are four attractive little volumes proving again that of all fairy tales the most alluring are those told by Nature herself. That these stories, ranging all the way from the eye of a flea to the stately radiance of a nebula, go by the severe name of "science" detracts no whit from their fascination—providing they are told in a straightforward way, without undue sentiment and moralizing.

"Science books" for children are very apt to suffer from these very defects—presumably because the young are believed to be too "tender-minded" to take even the simplest facts simply. The entire universe is looked upon—more or less patronizingly—as a vast allegory illustrating this or that "purpose," and the Shakespearean "sermons in stones, books in the running brooks" has too often been the device of those who, feigning to teach something of nature, preach about her.

These little volumes are different—and better. They form part of a series called "The Story of the World," addressed to all children old enough to be actively curious about stars and snow-crystals; dinosaurs and monkeys; rocks, seas, and clouds; atoms, dynamos, and chemicals—everything, in fact, that ever happened in the past or that is now going on, in this world and in countless others.

Each volume is written by a woman whose knowledge of her chosen subject is adequate and often attested by a responsible authority; the facts are selected with discrimination, and the manner of presenting them is simple, to the point, with a minimum of pedagogy and that labored "talking down" which is enough to drive most children into a permanent distrust of their elders' intelligence—or their own. Commendable is the way in which the various points are brought out by means of questions such as any child might ask: the "Tables of Contents" are so many questionnaires which could well be read aloud by young or old as a kind of game to whet one's curiosity and test one's supposed knowledge. The many drawings and decorations add much to enjoyment of the text.

Edith Heal writes about the beginning of life on earth: from its birth out of the original solar mass she takes the story down through the millions of years while the earth cooled, took unto itself seas and atmosphere, nourished the first germs of life, built up mountains, continents, rivers, destroying, experimenting, evolving creatures from fish to monsters; birds, reptiles, apes—man, with nothing between him and similar extinction but a small, well-filled cavity inside his skull. Then Grace Kiner tells the story of the primitive cavemen and their attempts to make life attractive; how men learned to fish, to build shelters and cultivate the earth; the discovery of metal and fire, with the rise of commerce and communication, and the development also of war.

If you like animals, Mary Bowen Stephenson will tell you many queer things about them; how they live, work and play; the reasons for all the varieties of creatures and the differences in the structure of their bodies; why noses, ears, teeth, mouths, hair and fur, feet and beaks are as we find them. Finally, Janet McGill tells a little—but quite enough to provoke interest—about flowers, plants, and weeds: all the many things that grow out of the earth for good or ill, and how they struggle for their share of sunlight, air, and water, often in ways that are extremely curious.

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A Wordsworth Catalogue

THE WORDSWORTH COLLECTION formed by CYNTHIA MORGAN ST. JOHN, and given to Cornell University by Victor Emanuel: a Catalogue. Compiled by Leslie Nathan Broughton. Ithaca, N. Y.: Cornell University Library. 1931.

THIS catalogue, a worthy and painstaking effort, will be perhaps a novelty to many persons who have grown accustomed to the kinds of bibliographies that have been published during recent years. It is essentially the work of a librarian trained in the use of cards printed by the Library of Congress and ordered by number: the title-pages are transcribed accurately, the exact paginations are given, and the height of every volume is expressed in the somewhat obscure medium of centimeters. The only thing lacking is one of those fascinating call-numbers from which the initiated can discover a history in miniature of the book itself. Cataloguing, of course, has to be considered from two points of view: there is, in the first place, the librarian whose problem has always been to make available, as easily as possible, to the public and to the underpaid little boy who is sent to look for it, each book that comes into his hands. To do this, he has evolved systems of elaborate classification in which letters and numbers stand for definite things which he alone can understand fully: certainly, the public, interested merely in leaving the library building quickly with the desired book under its arm, has no idea of what the printed label on the spine of its latest possession means. In order to achieve the result of satisfying borrowers of books, it has been necessary to overlook fine points of bibliography such as the question of variant issues and the description of watermarks and signatures. The Harvard College Library abbreviates its own printed catalogue cards to the point of entire uselessness—the Library of Congress gives all the information that is considered relevant. In the second place, there is the book-collector who with plenty of time and no one but himself to consider, starts out to do detailed descriptions of his private library. Since he is his own public, his arrangement can cause no one to be disturbed. Each book is considered a separate unit about which he wishes to know everything, its physical appearance, its misprints, the presence or absence of half-titles, errata slips, and advertisements, almost the conditions under which it was written and published. His purpose is to please himself, and if possible, to discourage any attempt to borrow his books.

The collection Mr. Broughton describes was begun by Mrs. St. John in 1883, and was continued until her death in 1919: there are 1150 entries in the volume, two of which, Wordsworth's reading-glass, and a lock of his hair mounted under glass in a red plush frame (a singularly appropriate setting for such a relic), seem of sentimental rather than of scholarly value. In its field, it is probably unequalled, since few collectors have ever shown a desire to devote thirty-six years to assembling the works of this particular poet. The catalogue is divided into sections—Volumes by Wordsworth; Anthologies containing selections; Works about him; Tributes to him; Parodies; Association books and others of especial interest (many of the inclusions such as the Countess of Winchelsea's "Miscellany Poems," and Henry Taylor's "Notes from Life," have the appearance of belonging in the miscellaneous section); Coleridge—Works by or about him, or members of his family; Works on the English Lake Country; Miscellaneous Works; Manuscripts; Portraits, other pictures, bust, and lantern slides; and Relics. No one can question either Mrs. St. John's devotion to William Wordsworth, or Mr. Broughton's strength of will in carrying his work to its successful conclusion: their duty toward the Wordsworth scholars of the future is performed, and everyone can be contented. G.M.T.

Ruskiniana

WE quote the following from the *London Times Literary Supplement:*

With the recent sales at Sotheby's of books, manuscripts and pictures which formerly belonged to John Ruskin and were inherited by the late Mr. J. A. Palliser Severn, apparently every scrap of Ruskiniana is now scattered to all quarters. They were treasured by two generations of the Ruskin family, through over a century, and for some sixty years made Brantwood House, Coniston, one of the most interesting houses in the country. It was occupied by Ruskin himself from 1871 to 1900. Mr. Whitehead, of the Isle of Wight, bought a number of the pictures and drawings for his Ruskin collection, but most of the buyers were dealers, one of the most extensive being Messrs. B. F. Stevens, the American agents. Of the hundreds of Ruskin's own drawings a few of the more highly finished ran into two figures, but the others sold for a few pounds each lot. Of the drawings by other artists the most interesting was one in pen and sepia wash by George Romney, catalogued as a "Study for a portrait of a gentleman standing next to his horse," which fetched £55: this drawing, in fact, is one of Romney's first sketches for the whole length of John Christian (afterwards Curwen), M.P. for Cumberland, painted in 1782 and still in the Curwen family. There is another drawing of the same subject in a collection in Paris, and both came from the Romney sale in 1894.

The predominant interest of the Ruskin sales centred in the family portraits, and some of these date back for more than a century. Two generations of Ruskins were painted by James Northcote, R.A. (1746-1831). Four of the Ruskin portraits (including one by Raeburn) are reproduced in Sotheby's sale catalogue. Northcote was a friend of Ruskin's father, John James Ruskin (1785-1864), and of his mother (1781-1871), and both sat to him for their portraits, each of half-length—*i. e.*, 30 in. by 25 in.—in 1825. They are very good examples of Northcote's portraiture when he was a very old man, one selling for £99 and the other for £100. There was an earlier one of John James Ruskin by Sir Henry Raeburn (who died in 1823), representing him as a young man—it is not always remembered that Ruskin's father was a Scotsman—and this portrait, perhaps because of the Raeburn attribution, brought £125. There were two by Northcote of John Ruskin as a child, both painted in 1823, and both of these are apparently overlooked in the Appendix to Mr. Stephen Gwynn's "Memorials of an Eighteenth Century Painter (James Northcote)," 1898. In one of these, Northcote, following the example of his master, Sir Joshua Reynolds, in the case of Dr. Johnson, depicted little Ruskin as the Infant Bacchus, from whose foot a satyr is extracting a thorn, with sheep on the right, a canvas 50 in. by 40 in., signed and dated 1823, in which year the Ruskins moved from Town to Herne Hill. Mr. Collingwood tells us that this fancy picture was "bought at the Academy by the flattered parents," but unless it is "the portrait of a young gentleman," No. 14, there is nothing in the Royal Academy of 1823 to correspond to this picture, which, at the sale, only fetched £10. The other portrait of John Ruskin, of the same size as the preceding, represents him at whole length, in white dress, blue sash, and blue bows, beckoning to a King Charles spaniel running in front of him, in a landscape, and this charming picture fetched £130. There were also two portraits of John Ruskin by George Richmond, R.A., by whom also there is a head in the National Portrait Gallery. The earlier of the two drawings in the sale—it sold for £82—is in water-colors and represents him as a young man, seated on a terrace by a writing desk, an Alpine lake in the distance, signed and dated 1842. The later portrait, in colored chalks, shows him to half length, resting his head on his right hand, and is signed and dated 1857—it brought £29 and may be identical with Richmond's exhibit at the Royal Academy of 1857, No. 737.

The Ruskin manuscripts did not seem to excite much interest. A collection of early poetry and prose writings went for £32; another collection of prose writings with corrected proofs, etc., 1867-79, £38; another collection, similar, 1881-85, £30; the original autograph manuscripts of the Oxford lectures 1874 and 1877, £70; six letters from John Ruskin to his father from the Continent, each with a pen-and-ink drawing, May-August, 1858, £21; and 131 letters from Ruskin's mother to her husband, 1831-55, £30. Nine letters from Thomas Carlyle to John Ruskin, 1860-74, £26. A water-color drawing by Kate Greenaway, a study of a girl and child, 5¾ in. by 7 in., inscribed by the artist "John Ruskin from Kate Greenaway, Christmas, 1897," brought £105.

In an address recently made to a gathering of librarians in England, Bernard Shaw said "In my opinion the language best suited for universal adoption is the one with the worst grammar. That is undoubtedly the English language. Foreigners learn our grammar perfectly, and then when they come here they find that we ourselves know nothing about it. Nevertheless, English has its advantages over Esperanto and other recognized languages for use throughout the world. The grammar is atrocious, but it is less involved.

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The PHŒNIX NEST

SELMA ROBINSON, who shines both at poetry and publicity, has written in *Charm* a sketch of *Dorothy Parker* entitled "Gamine." It gives a good idea of Mrs. Parker. Miss Robinson also recently had a poem on the front page of *Contempo*, the review published at Chapel Hill, North Carolina. This poem is one that will appear in Miss Robinson's book of poems, "City Child," which Farrar & Rinehart will publish in October. It will be illustrated by *Rockwell Kent*. . . .

Carra-Christian, Publishers, Box 148, Cambridge, Massachusetts, have as their maiden publication produced "Thirty Years of Tufts Verse: An Anthology." Mr. *Carra* is a former student of Harvard who has graduated from Tufts. . . .

If you're going to London this season of the year, there is "London for Everyman," by *William Kent* (Dutton), just published. He also wrote "Paris for Everyman," which sold nearly fifty thousand copies. His London book has forty-eight colored maps, lots of practical information, and is well indexed. . . .

Charles Edward Russell has sailed for Switzerland. Next year he will go to Tahiti. And, by the way, the correct pronunciation of that is really Ta-highe-tee, says Mr. Russell, accented on the second syllable and slightly drawled. Mr. Russell's forthcoming book, through the Cosmopolitan Book Corporation, is "Blaine of Maine: His Life and Times." . . .

William Webster Ellsworth, author of "A Golden Age of Authors," who has delivered more than fifteen hundred lectures on literary subjects in schools and colleges since he retired from the Century Company a dozen years ago, was given the degree of doctor of letters by Whitman College in the State of Washington at Commencement on the fifteenth of June. . . .

Simon & Schuster are asking for the addresses of the loneliest people in the world, such as lighthouse keepers, forest wardens, Arctic explorers, etc., so that they can send them complimentary copies of Cross Word Puzzle Book Number Twenty, or the new mammoth omnibus book of puzzles. . . .

An unpublished and hitherto undiscovered manuscript of *Jack London's* has been found in an old sea-chest stored at the California ranch on which he lived. It's a short story entitled "Poppy Cargo," a tale of shipwreck and rescue by the mad master of a windjammer. *Physical Culture Magazine* has just printed it. . . .

M. Victor Berard, a French radical senator, is the latest to have a shy at discussing Homer, in "Did Homer Live?" which E. P. Dutton will bring out on the seventh of July. He has on many voyages located the land of the Cyclops, and of Alcinous, and the Læstrygones, and the Lotos Eaters. He has brought out quite a number of books expounding his theories concerning the Odyssey. . . .

Two literary sleuths are reported to have found *Sisley Huddleston* solely by a picture in one of his books where a certain French village was mentioned. They finally tracked him to his Normandy home in a converted mill and got him to sign the book by which they had tracked him down. It was published by J. B. Lippincott of Philadelphia. . . .

An experiment in children's reading appears in a pamphlet from the Wallace Publishing Company of Lincoln, Nebraska, listed at sixty cents. It is called "Books to Read in Upper Grades" and has been compiled by *Clare McPhee*, City Public Schools, Lincoln, Nebraska. It should be of use in schools. . . .

In October will appear the book that won the prize of five thousand dollars offered by The Atlantic Monthly Press and Little, Brown & Company for the most interesting, unpublished work (not fiction) dealing with the American scene. More than five hundred manuscripts were submitted in this contest which closed May first last. The prize-winning book is "Forty-niners," by *Archer Butler Hulbert*, a complete chronicle of what happened to the gold-rushers. The book is illustrated by nearly one hundred cartoons of the 'Forty-niners. . . .

The Oxford Press announces that plans have been made for the preparation of "The Oxford History of England," which, complete, will form a continuous history in fourteen volumes from the earliest to the most recent times. Each volume will be by a separate author. The general editor of the series will be *Mr. G. N. Clark*, author of "The Seventeenth Century," and among the contributors are *R. G. Collingwood, Professor F. M. Stenton, A. L. Poole, Professor E. F. Jacob, Professor J. D. Mackie, Professor J. B. Black, Godfrey Davies*, and *Professor G. S. Veitch*. . . .

Vida D. Scudder's "Brother John"—and she has made the Franciscan period her period—was first published in 1927. Back then many serious economists thought that 1928 would usher in a world production that would make the desert blossom as the rose. And look at us now! Consequently nobody at the time had much use for the ways of Saint Francis. But Miss Scudder's book might today be read with profit. A new edition of "Brother John" is now being issued and may serve as a spiritual support in these troublous times. . . .

Putnam's are intending to publish "America's Primer," inspired by "New Russia's Primer" written to instruct Soviet youth. *Morris L. Ernst*, the New York lawyer and writer, in "America's Primer" strives to show the economic and cultural pattern of our country. Millions are out of work, Wall Street is in despair,—and yet we are producing more wealth per capita at this time than was ever produced in any other country in the world. Have we in America a national plan, or merely a confusion of plans? Watch for this book in August. . . .

Coward-McCann will publish jointly with the Yale University Press, in September, a volume of five one-act plays by *Thornton Wilder*, entitled "The Long Christmas Dinner." The trade edition will sell for twenty-five dollars and the special limited edition of five hundred, signed by the author, will be twelve dollars. The same firm (Coward-McCann) will bring out in the same month the first novel by *Rollo Walter Brown*, previously well-known as a biographer. This novel's title is "The Firemakers." . . .

In the last number of the *Poetry World*, *Henry Harrison*, the publisher, prints a letter from *Bert Cooksley* all about why Cooksley is giving up poetry for prose. There's a good deal of hard sense to it. We wish to print the following small excerpt:

> I'm trying to figure out why poets can't live as decently as the average plumber's helper. They furnish a quality of sentiment and beauty which this cock-eyed world needs more sorely every year. They represent the highest national human virtue and patriotism in its true meaning. They are sung and recited in every hall on earth. And by God, they don't get enough actual money for living as a movie usher! They spend money so lavishly in this country it gives a lot of the old country folks heartburn. They think nothing of holding a governmental air-circus which costs the government twenty-eight thousand dollars a day—simply to send up planes to fly around in formation and come back to earth! But let a poet, a fine one, whose message of beauty is so powerful it can plunge nations in war and out of it again—let him raise a little squawk for existence and he's promptly told to cut his hair and go to work at a man's trade! Even his prizes are piddling—utterly piddling. In architecture, painting, sculpture, glass-blowing and sausage-making they have prizes ranging up to $25,000. But outside of the *Dial*, dead these many months now, there is no poetry prize in America which a self-respecting poet would care to palm! He's usually indifferent. Man is born to the words of the poet and a poet's words go with him to the grave; the poets write his songs and his marches, his ballads and his love sonnets, his odes and memorials; but I've never heard of a rich man setting out a sum of money whereby every year, say, $10,000 is awarded a poet for ultra performance. . . .

To write *Finis* to the series of many verses we have printed concerning felines, we end with this "Protest" from *L. M. B.* out in Missouri:

Why in the deuce do they write so much
Of Toms and Tabbies and Vets and such?
I'll take my cats the way they were born,
Whether it be that they adorn
A fence in the moonlight on amorous quest,
Or a hearthrug while letting a mouse digest!
And what a quaint form of wit is displayed
In "Vet," instead of calling a spade a spade.
And even more curious does it seem
That a poet should choose that for his theme.
God pity the cat whose vigor's arrested
And cannot even make love unmolested!

Very sincerely yours,
THE PHŒNICIAN.

The AMEN CORNER

"As rose is aboue al floures most fine
So is science most digne of worthynesse."

We hear that the blackboards used by Professor Albert Einstein in his recent Rhodes Lectures at Oxford, which the Oxford University Press will eventually publish, have been varnished and placed in the celebrated Evans Collection of scientific instruments in the Old Ashmolean. That charming building (it has one of Wren's very best portals) has been put to varied uses. Mr. E. J. Holmyard reminds us that it was the first University Chemical Laboratory. An old drawing of it is No. 40 of the 98 portraits, diagrams, photographs, engravings, and facsimiles which adorn his book on *Makers of Chemistry* which the Oxford Press has just brought out in the *Makers of Science* series. The two previous volumes are Mr. Ivor B. Hart's on *Mathematics, Physics, Astronomy*,[1] and Miss D. M. Turner's *Electricity and Magnetism*[2]

The history of science is a fascinating as well as important subject, and the Oxonian, who is merely an amateur scientist, was very pleased to find that he had not been beguiled by the allurements of format, illustration, and diverting detail, but that his opinion is endorsed by the Scientific Book Club. *Makers of Chemistry* is reviewed in the July number of the *Scientific Book Club Review* among the "Highly Recommended Books":—

"In this little book, the author has given an unusually thorough account of the early origins of chemistry. He discusses the metallurgy, glass-making, and other technical processes of Egypt and Mesopotamia, and thus secures a reasonable introduction to the chemistry of the Greeks and Romans, who were themselves not strongly inclined toward scientific pursuits. The development of alchemy in Arabia and medieval Europe is similarly traced, giving a background against which the significance of the rise of modern chemistry can be better appreciated.

. . . . . .

"The greater part of this story is told in the form of biographies of the men who have made chemistry. Holmyard has shown unusual breadth of sympathy with the motives that have inspired men to search into the secrets of nature. The book is not technical. Anyone interested in the origins of science, especially of chemistry, will find this book worth reading."

The reviewer remarks that Mr. Holmyard "treats with unusual sympathy the history of the phlogiston theory." One of the last champions of this strange theory was the celebrated Dr. Priestley, about whom we have been reading in Anne Holt's *Life of Joseph Priestley*.[3] Besides being a great chemist with a genius for experiment—he discovered oxygen, which he quaintly called "dephlogisticated air," and invented champagne and soda water—he was noteworthy in many other ways. He was compelled to flee from England for his radical political opinions about the French Revolution and settled first in Philadelphia and finally in Northumberland, Pennsylvania. He declined the chair of chemistry in the young University of Pennsylvania, and focussed his activities on the founding of the First Unitarian Church. He numbered among his friends Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Franklin and many other famous men.

Nevertheless, he fell foul of patriotic fury at the time of the Alien and Sedition Acts. There is an interesting passage about this, in our favorite history, *The Growth of the American Republic*.[4]

An equally interesting colleague in the annals of chemistry was Sir Humphrey Davy, who made valuable contributions to electro-chemistry, experimented with Nitrous Oxide, and invented the Safety Lamp. He began his career at the celebrated "Pneumatic Institute" of Dr. Beddoes (father of the poet), who had extraordiary theories about the curative properties of gases. Priestley's charged water (and ærated wine) was originally regarded as highly medicinal! These are some of the many curious —and improving— details to be found in *The Scientific Achievements of Sir Humphrey Davy*, by J. C. Gregory.[5]

"Speak ye the pure delight, whose favored steps
The lamp of science through the jealous maze
Of Nature guides."

THE OXONIAN.

Our Book of the month: MAKERS OF CHEMISTRY, by ERIC J. HOLMYARD. $2.50.

(1) $2.00. (2) $2.50. (3) $3.50. (4) By S. E. Morison and H. S. Commager, $6.00. (5) $2.00.

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